

BIG SHOT

NOVEMBER 1941

10c

No. 19

Comics

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL,
ACTION-PACKED
EPISODE OF
THE FACE!

PLUS

JOE PALOOKA THE SKYMAN
CAPTAIN DEVILDog
SPY-CHIEF SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN ROCKY RYAN



AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BIG SHOT COMICS

by McGill

BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY - I'M
JES PRACTICIN' UP TO BE A COP -

DON'T CRY SONNY - MOTHER WILL BE
HOME SOON



HE BROKE HIS HIND LEG AND COULDN'T
WALK, BUT I FIXED HIM -

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I GOULD GET HIM
TO EAT HIS MEALS REGULAR



IS THIS THE AMERICAN RED CROSS?
WELL, PLEASE HURRY! — A TERRIBLE
THING JUST HAPPENED!



HE SHOULD WORRY, IF WE EVER
HAVE AN AIR RAID - HUH?

5.

VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

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BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

BIG SHOT COMICS



The

SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

GUARDIAN OF THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA, THE SKYMAN CRUISES IN HIS FLEET WING -- AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH CRIME, AS THE MIGHTY KELRO DAM EXPLODES.

GOT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS!



A THOROUGH SEARCH REVEALS - NOTHING - NOT A THING! NOT EVEN THE FRAGMENTS OF A BOMBSHELL! WHOEVER DID THIS, APPARENTLY HAS DISCOVERED A NEW WAY TO BLOW UP THINGS!



WOW, WHAT AN EXPLOSION THAT WAS! MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME SOUVENIRS TO SELL!

GOT TO BE ON MY WAY! HAVE A DATE WITH FAWN TO-NIGHT!



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE BLOWING UP OF KELRO DAM, IS FRONT-PAGE NEWS ---

I WONDER HOW MUCH OLD SOL WILL GIVE ME FOR THIS? I FOUND IT AT THE DAM TOO!



HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FER IT? I FOUND IT AT THE KELRO DAM! IT OUGHT TO BE WORTH SOMETHIN'!

PERHAPS! I'LL LET YOU HAVE FIVE DOLLARS!



PURE WHITE ONYX! WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE!

FIVE DOLLARS! GEE WHIZ!



THE HOURS PASS! IT IS NIGHT! IN THE DARKNESS, THE SMALL IDOL BEGINS TO GLOW WEIRDLY-----



AN EXPLOSION RIPS THE LITTLE JUNK STORE APART--

THAT'S ALL I DO. NOWADAYS, IS HEAR EXPLOSIONS -- I MEAN THAT THE SKYMAN - ER -



WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT? LET'S INVESTIGATE IT!

COME ON, ALLAN

WHEW! ALMOST LET FAWN KNOW THAT I WAS THE SKYMAN JUST THEN! LUCKILY, SHE DIDN'T HEAR ME!



OH! IT'S WRECKED! TOO BAD!

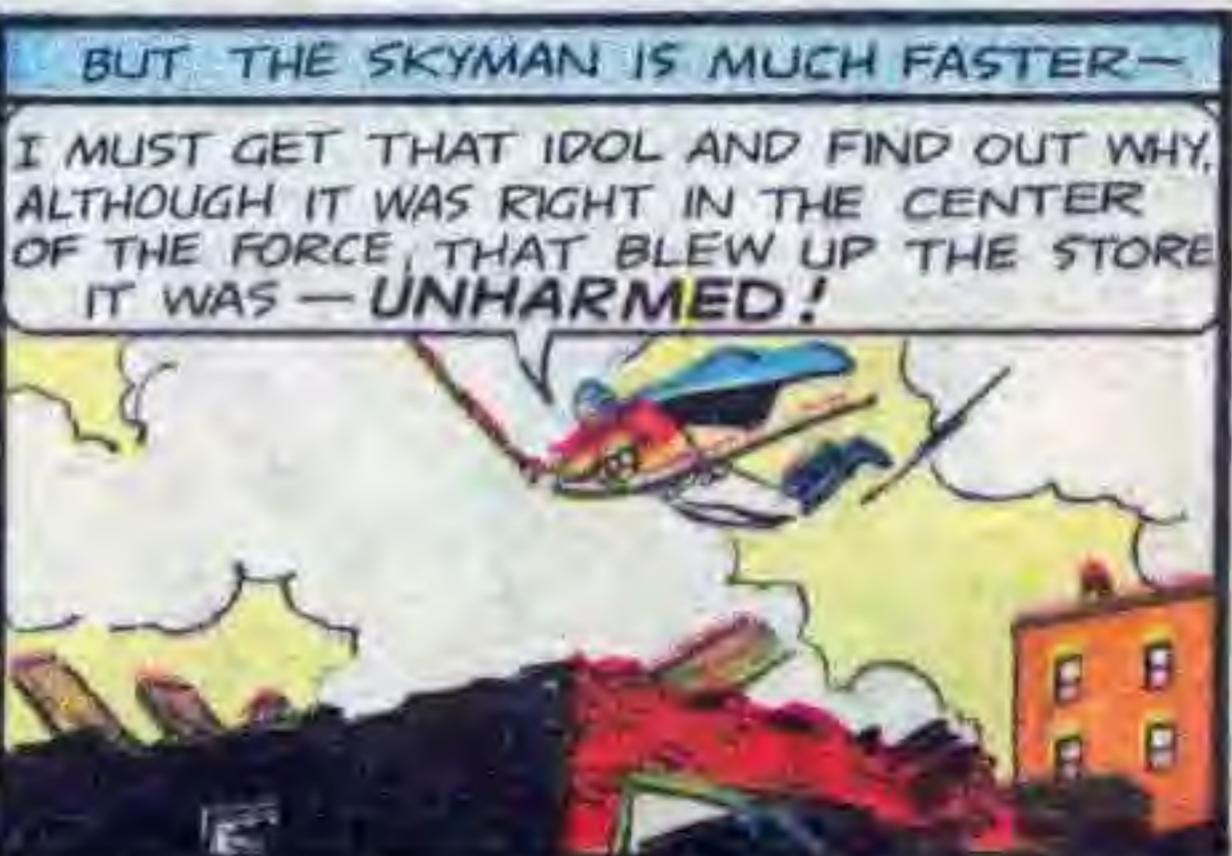
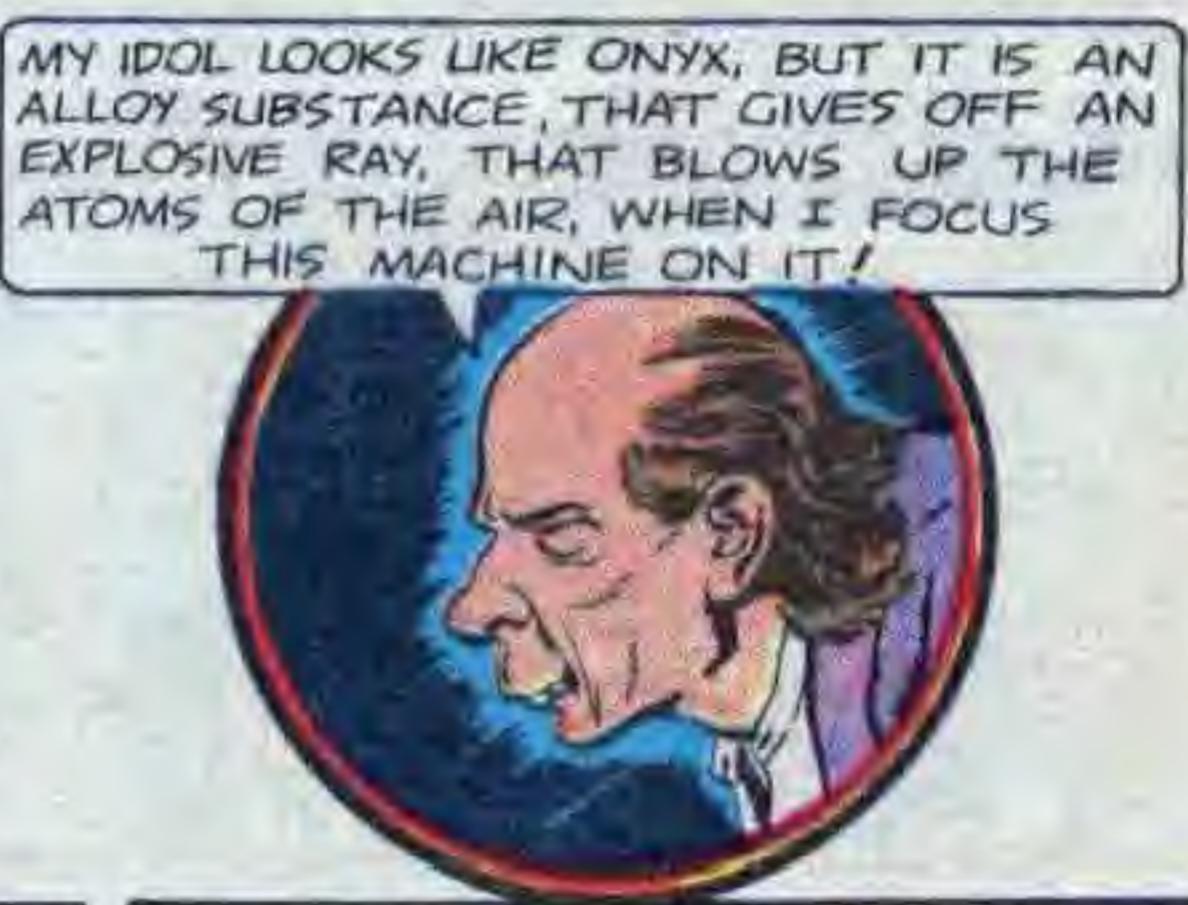
COME AWAY, FAWN! A POLICEMAN IS COMING! HE MIGHT GET - ME-US INTO TROUBLE!



ALLAN TURNER'S KEEN EYES, SIGHT THE TUMBLED IDOL---



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

AT THE SKYDROME, UNAWARE OF WHAT IS BEING SAID ABOUT HIM -----

I'VE TESTED THIS THING EVERY WAY I KNOW HOW! IT'S SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT! LOOKS LIKE WHITE ONYX, BUT IT ISN'T! IT SEEMS TO GIVE OFF QUEER RAYS!



I WISH I KNEW THE SECRET OF THIS THING! I'VE A FEELING IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE STRANGE EXPLOSIONS -----

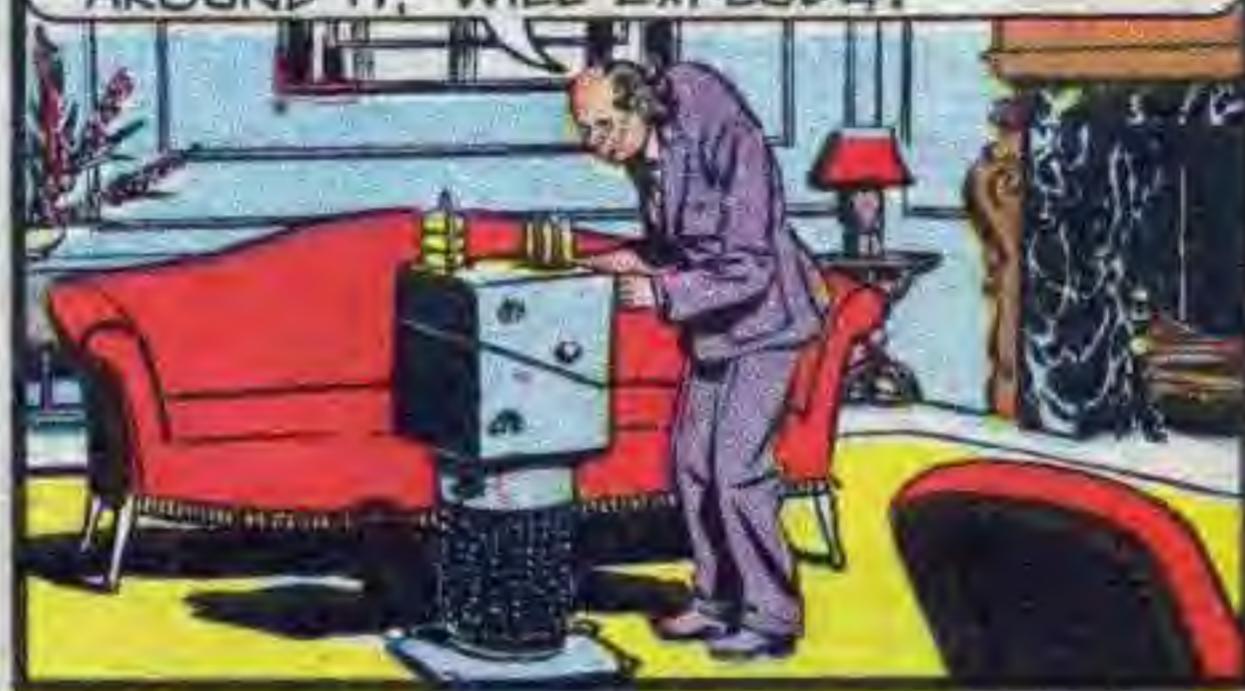


AS THE SKYMAN CARELESSLY HANDLES THE IDOL, THE BRILLIANT BUT EVIL HUMPY, PREPARES TO BLOW UP THE AIR AROUND IT!

I'LL SMASH THAT SKYMAN TO BITS AND GET HIM OUT OF MY WAY! THEN I'LL GET MY IDOL, AND START IN ALL OVER AGAIN!



WHEN THESE RADIODIC WAVES STRIKE MY IDOL, IT WILL GLOW — AND THE AIR AROUND IT, WILL EXPLODE!



ONE MORE TEST, THEN I'LL CALL IT A DAY —



IT- IT'S STARTING TO GLOW!



GLOWING AND PULSATING, AS THOUGH WITH LIFE, THE IDOL GLEAMS -----



BIG SHOT COMICS

IT FAILS TO EXPLODE -- -

CERTAINLY! THAT EXPLAINS IT! I PUT IT IN A VACUUM JAR! THERE WAS NO AIR AROUND IT, AND IT DIDN'T CAUSE ANYTHING TO BLOW UP! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED ITS SECRET!



I'LL PUT THIS IDOL IN AN OLD SHACK AND WATCH DEVELOPMENTS! BUT UNTIL I'M READY TO LET IT BLOW UP THE AIR AROUND IT, I'LL KEEP IT SAFE IN THE VACUUM JAR!



I SAT UP ALL NIGHT, LISTENING TO NEWS FLASHES OVER THE RADIO! I GOT EVERY PAPER THAT'S PRINTED - AND STILL I FIND NOTHING ABOUT ANY EXPLOSION. AFTER I BLEW UP THE JUNK STORE!



THIS SKYMAN IS A CLEVER MAN, BUT I CAN BE EVEN MORE CLEVER! I'LL KEEP SENDING THOSE RADIOTIC WAVES, EVERY TEN MINUTES, UNTIL I LEARN THAT SOMETHING DOES GO UP WITH A 'BANG'!



NERVOUS AND DISTROUGHT, FAWN SEARCHES EVERYWHERE FOR THE SKYMAN --

HE USUALLY TRAVELS ALONG THE COAST AT THIS TIME OF DAY! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! TO TELL HIM WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS ARE PRINTING ABOUT HIM!



A LIE, BUT NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO ME, AND HE ISN'T HERE TO DEFEND HIMSELF



WHY - THERE HE IS!
SKYMAN! OH, SKYMAN!



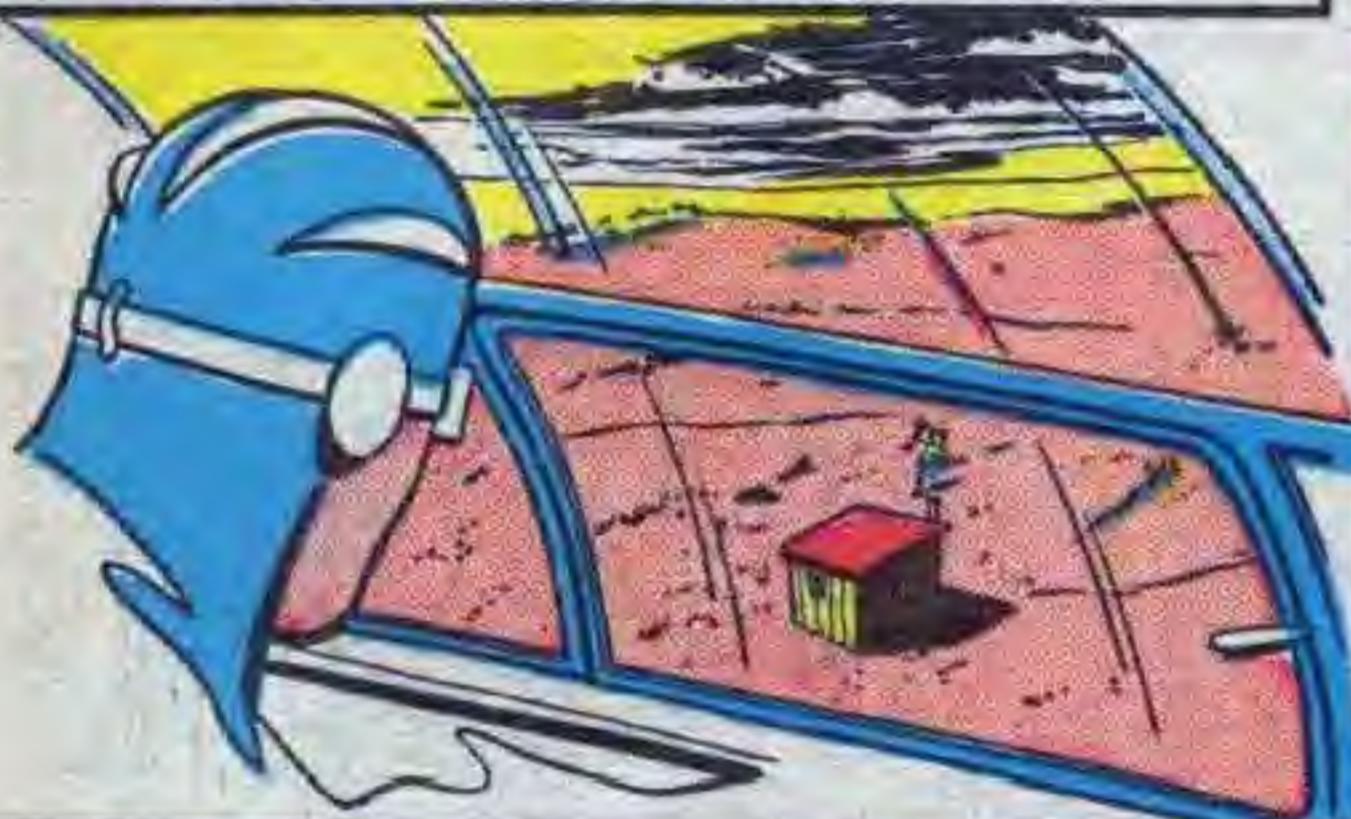
OH! THE IDOL IS STARTING TO GLOW! I'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE! IT'LL BLOW UP IN A MOMENT!



BIG SHOT COMICS



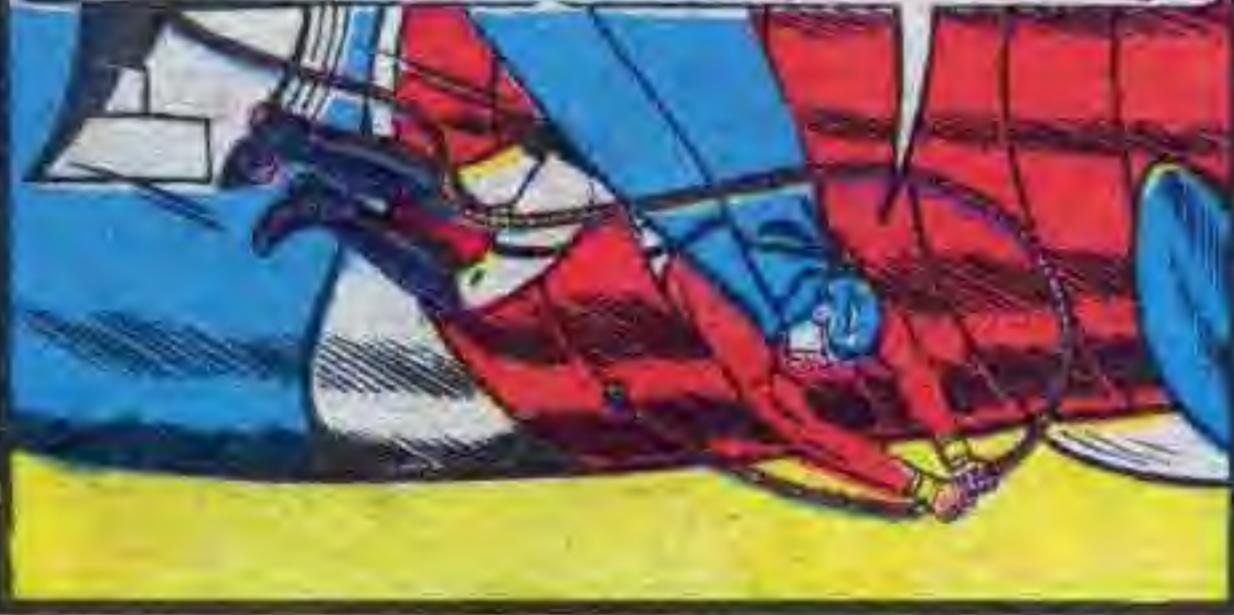
HE SEES HER RACING TO HER DOOM---



THAT IDOL WILL BLOW UP THAT SHACK- AND FAWN WITH IT, INTO ETERNITY!



THE WING IS RACING AT FULL SPEED! UNLESS I CAN GET HOLD OF FAWN AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO SAVE HER!



LIKE A LEAD WEIGHT AT THE END OF A SWAYING ROPE, HE DROPS TOWARD FAWN-

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? WE HAVE PLENTY -OF TIME!

THAT BOMB - IN THE SHACK - BLOW YOU TO - PIECES!



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO!

HURRY! GOT TO HURRY AWAY-



THE SHACK EXPLODES - JUST AS THE WING IS OVER IT---

TOO LATE!
OHH!



BIG SHOT COMICS

BLASTED BY THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION,
THE WING DIVES EARTHWARD, AS THE
SKYMAN AND FAWN, ARE KNOCKED
UNCONSCIOUS—



THE ECHOES OF THE EXPLOSION, DIE AWAY—
TWO FIGURES LIE WITHOUT MOVEMENT,
SOME DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE
BLASTED SHACK—



A STRANGE,
UNEXPLAINABLE
EXPLOSION, SHOOK
AN UNTENANTED
SHACK ON THE
SOUND THIS MORNING!

SO THAT'S
WHERE HE LEFT
MY IDOL! I'VE
GOT TO GO AND
GET IT BACK!



NO MAN CAN BEAT ME! MY INVENTION IS TOO
GREAT! NOW I CAN FORCE THOSE UTILITIES TO
PAY ME MONEY, OR I'LL BLAST THEIR
PROPERTIES TO BITS!



ALL THE CURIOSITY SEEKERS SEEM TO
HAVE COME AND GONE—BUT NONE OF
THEM DISCOVERED MY LITTLE IDOL!



WITH THIS WEAPON OF MINE, I CAN BLOW
UP EVEN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, IF
I WANTED TO! I'LL BE WEALTHY JUST AS
SOON AS I GET IN TOUCH WITH THOSE
BIG UTILITIES!



A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY—
WHAT—WHAT HAPPENED?
OH! THE SHACK EXPLODED!



SHE'S OUT COLD! BUT I THINK THAT A LITTLE
FIRST AID WILL BRING HER AROUND!



BIG SHOT COMICS

IF A CAR WILL COME AROUND THAT CURVE,
I'LL SIGNAL HIM TO TAKE HER TO A
HOSPITAL--AH, HERE COMES ONE NOW!



THE SKYMAN AND THE
GIRL WHO POINTED
HIM OUT TO ME! HA,
WHAT A JOKE!

MIND TAKING US
INTO TOWN? MISS
CARROLL WAS HURT
BY AN EXPLOSION!



I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL! IT'S ON MY WAY! BUT
I'LL HAVE TO STOP FOR GAS—



AS THE CAR STOPS, HUMPY WALKS BEHIND
THE UNSUSPECTING SKYMAN AND—

HOSPITAL, EH? I'LL TAKE YOU TO
A HOSPITAL—MY LABORATORY!



I HATE TO SPOIL MY HOUSE, BUT WITH YOU
OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE A CINCH TO WRECK
THIS COUNTRY UNLESS I'M PAID NOT TO!



THE POWERFUL BODY OF THE SKYMAN,
SOON REVIVES ——

FOOLED LIKE A BABY! AND AT ANY
MINUTE THAT IDOL IS GOING TO
BLOW UP!



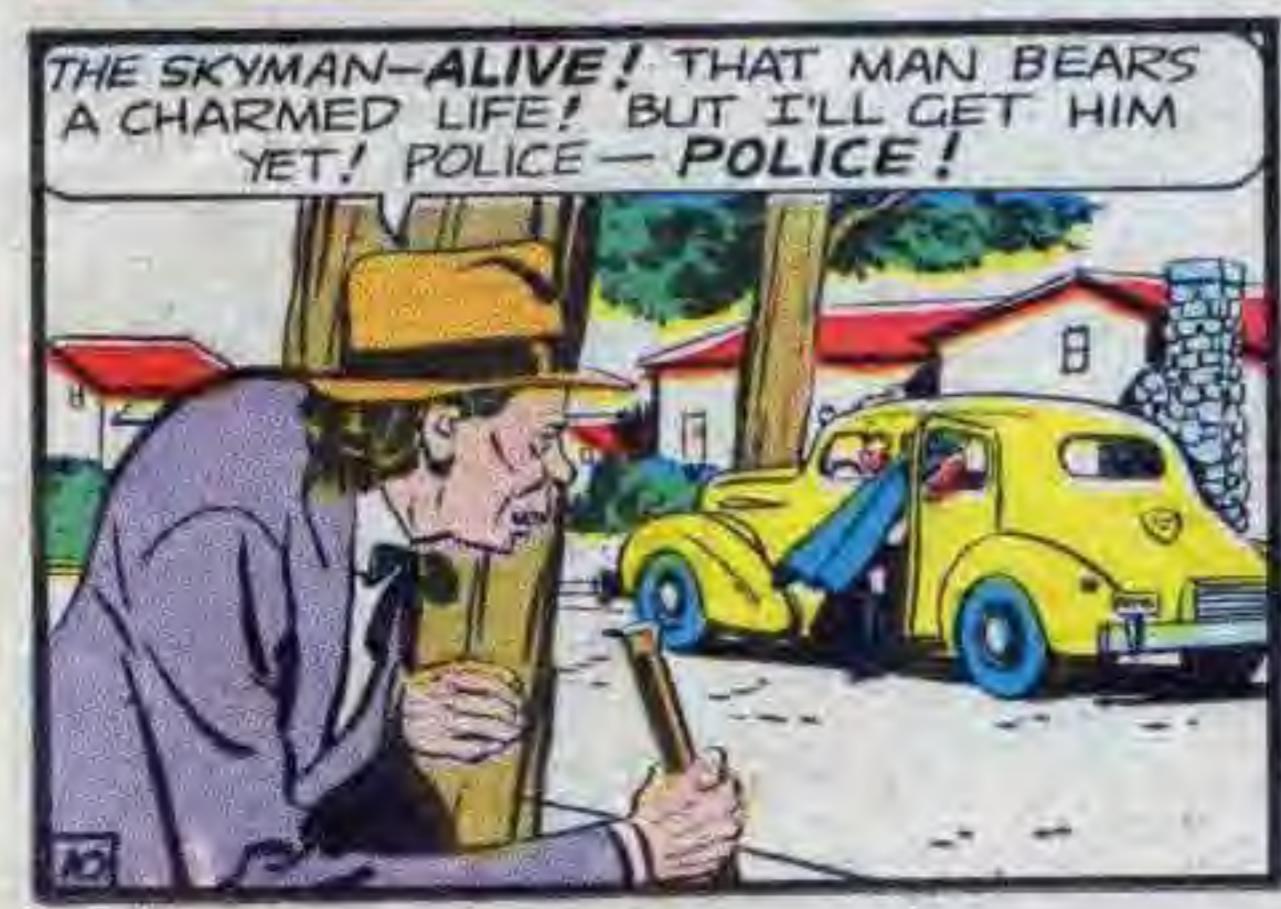
HE TENSES HIS MUSCLES, AND ONE BY
ONE, THE STRANDS OF THE ROPE, PART—



I CAN'T WAIT TO FREE HER! I'LL HAVE
TO TAKE HER ALONG AS SHE IS!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

IM GOING ALONG WITH YOU! I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN THAT MAN IS CAPTURED!

SKYMAN! A COP IS FOLLOWING US!—WITH—WITH THAT HORRIBLE "HUMPY" MAN, WHO THINKS YOU WERE THE CAUSE OF THOSE BOMBINGS!



LOOK OUT!
HE'S GOT A GUN!

BUT I WON'T
HAVE TO USE IT!



WILL I,
HUMPY?

I—AAHHH!
HE'S GOT ME!



HEY, I'M
ARRESTING
YOU, SKYMAN!

IS HE, HUMPY? OR
IS HE ARRESTING
—YOU?

NOOO!
I—OW!



I—I'M THE MAN YOU
WANT! I CAUSED THOSE
EXPLOSIONS! THE
SKYMAN WAS AFTER
ME, SO I ACCUSED HIM!
I GUESS HE WAS A
LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR ME!

GOLLY, THAT'S A
RELIEF TO ME,
SKYMAN! I
NEVER THOUGHT
YOU'D DO
ANYTHING
LIKE THAT!



Ogden Whitney



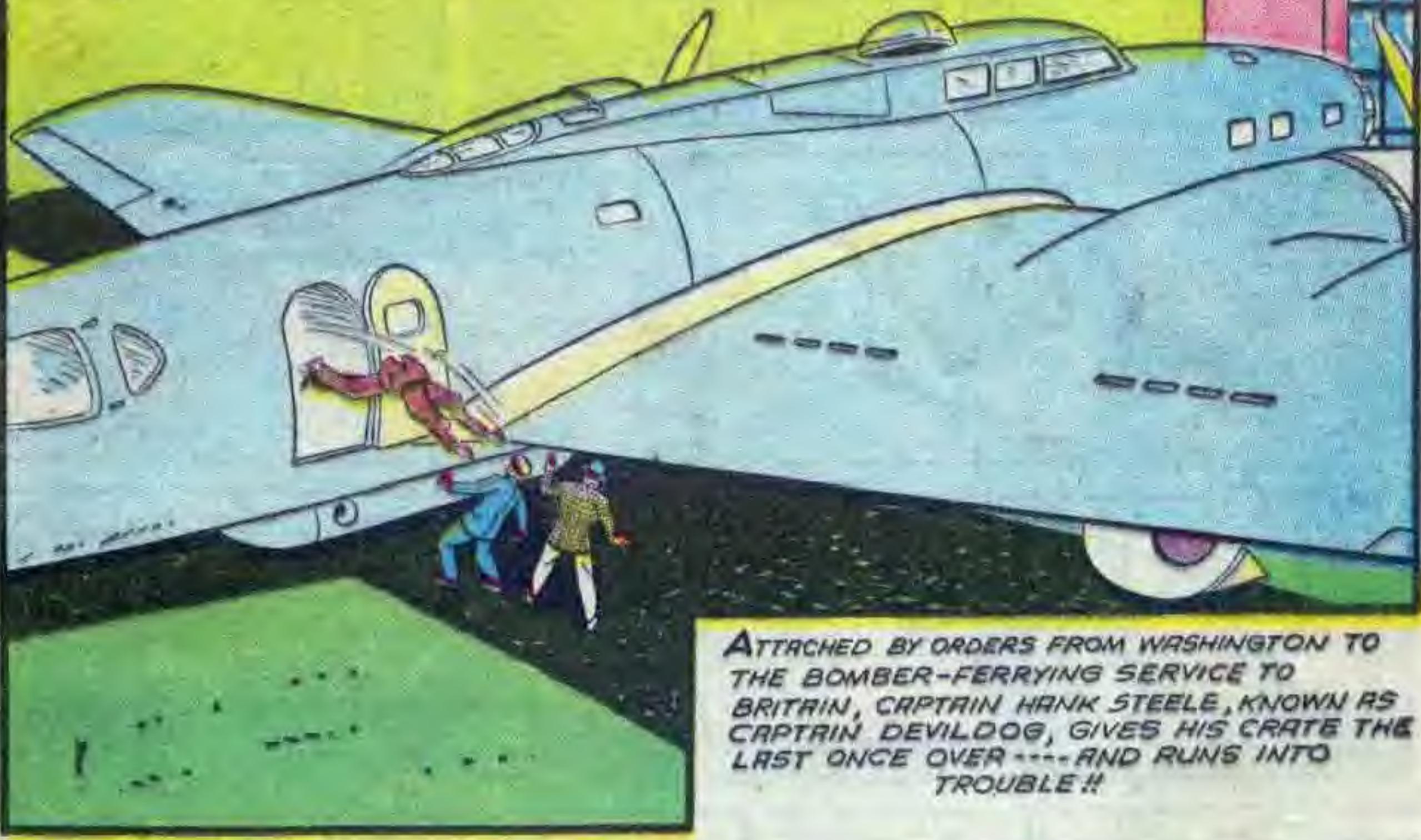
HEY FELLOWS
A COMPLETE BOOK
OF **THE
FACE!**

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CAPTAIN DEVILDOG OF THE U.S. MARINES

11



ATTACHED BY ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON TO THE BOMBER-FERRRYING SERVICE TO BRITAIN, CAPTAIN HANK STEELE, KNOWN AS CAPTAIN DEVILDOG, GIVES HIS CRATE THE LAST ONCE OVER ---- AND RUNS INTO TROUBLE!!



BIG SHOT COMICS

YOU TWO BOYS WILL TALK FOR THE C.O. I'M THINKING. COME ALONG AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HIM.

I FOUND THEM PUTTERING AROUND THE BIG BOMBERS WE'RE FLYING TO BRITAIN, SIR. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY HARMED THEM...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM. YOU GET YOUR MEN READY FOR THE FLIGHT, CAPTAIN.

ALL RIGHT, YOU AIR-BIRDS. CLIMB INTO YOUR DUDS. WE'RE OFF FOR ENGLAND!

RIGHT, HANK!

OKAY, DEVILDOG!

THOSE MEN REFUSED TO TALK BUT THE MECHANICS HAVE RECHECKED THE SHIPS AND PASS THEM AS FIT FOR THE TRIP.

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. WE'LL TAKE OFF AT ONCE!

WITH THEIR POWERFUL MOTORS DRONING, THE BIG BOMBERS LIFT SLOWLY INTO THE SKY.

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR.

THEY ROAR OVER THE ATLANTIC COAST AND OUT TO SEA.

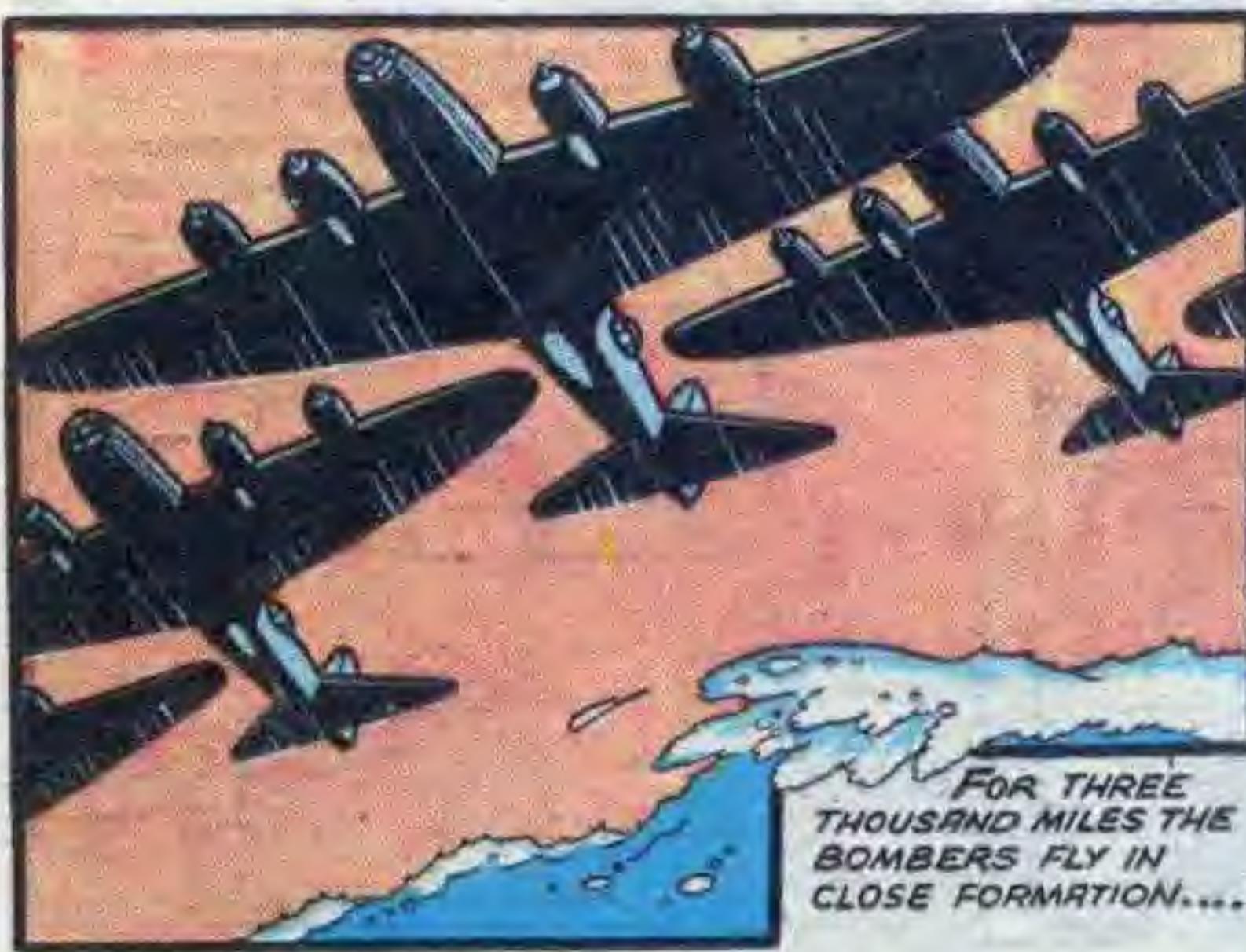
THE MOTORS ARE PERFORMING BEAUTIFULLY! THERE ISN'T A THING WRONG WITH THEM!

I GUESS THOSE SPIES DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO WRECK THEM. YOU WERE TOO FAST, SIR!

I HOPE SO, BUT I'VE A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG... BUT WE CAN'T LOCATE IT...



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

BULL'S-EYE! I COULD USE THAT
MACHINE GUN HE'S TOTING, TOO!
COVER ME, BOYS!

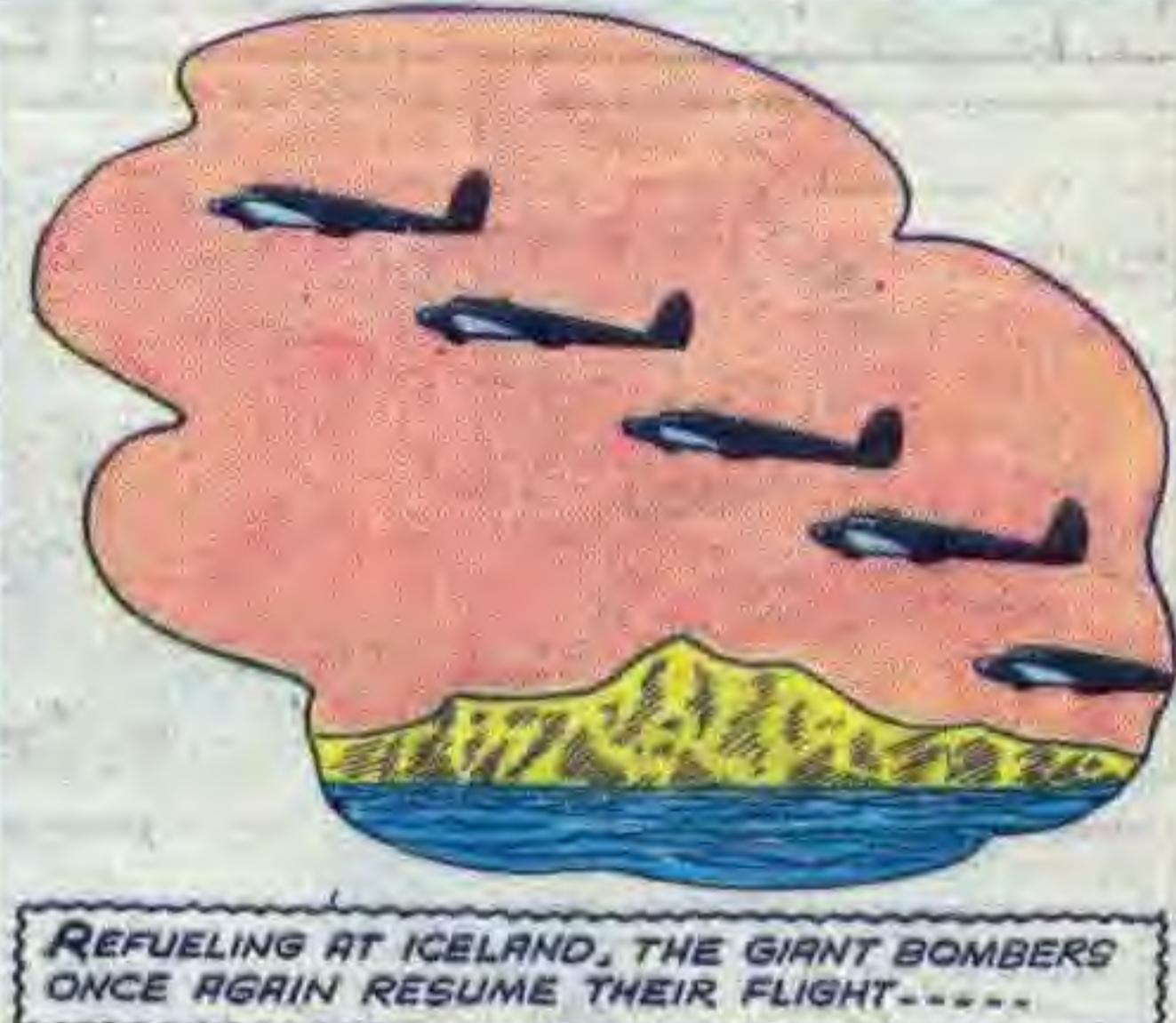
UNDER THE WITHERING FIRE THAT HIS PILOTS
POUR INTO THE ENEMY, CAPTAIN DEVILDOG
MAKES A DARING ADVANCE.....



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





JOE PALOOKA

AFTER REGAINING HIS MEMORY, KNOBBY IS RE-INSTATED BY THE BOXING COMMISSION AND IS ONCE MORE JOE'S MANAGER.



MEET
MR.PHANTOM
DILL
AND HIS
MANAGER
ARTIE
SCHMITT.

BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



KNOBBY HAS TAKEN A HOUSE NEAR ASBURY PARK FOR TRAINING QUARTERS. AN ARENA HAS BEEN ERECTED NEAR THE BOARDWALK AND A DOLLAR ADMISSION WILL BE CHARGED TO WATCH JOE BOX.



AN' IN A COUPLA MINUTES FROM HERE YA GOT WOODS AN' FARM LAND T'RUN OVER.

I'M GOIN' IN AN' LOOK OVER SOME STUFF. WE START TRAININ' T'MORRA.

WE'LL SEE YOUSE FER SUPPER.

IT COULDN'T BE LOVLIER



I'M BOXIN' WITH TONY AND I TWIST MY WRIST BECUZ I SEE THE LACE IS UNTIED ON MY GLOVE ----

YES YES.



AN' I DON'T WANT IT T'CUT 'IM --- WELL I WASN'T RILLY HITTIN' HARD BUT HE WENT DOWN.

THAT'S FUNNY HE KIN TAKE IT!



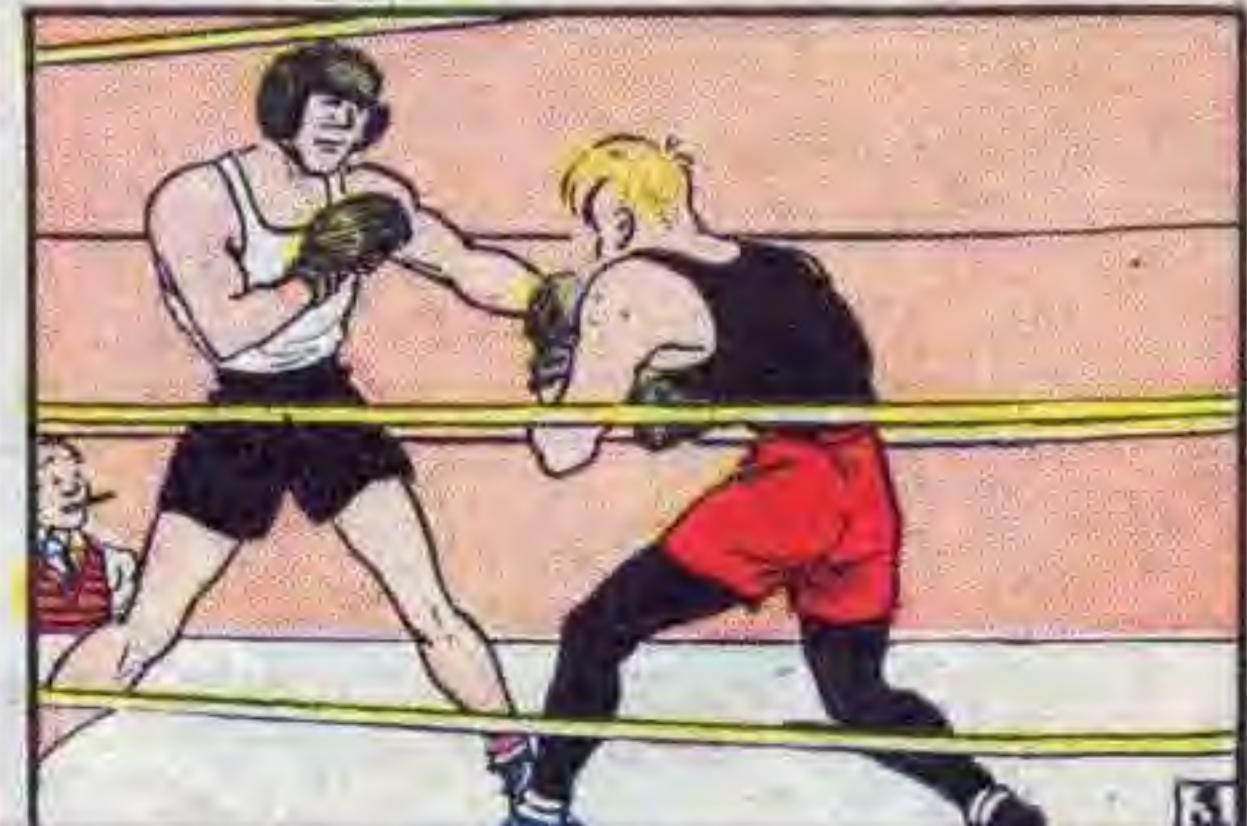
IT WAS FUNNY. MY FIS' ACTID LIKE A CORK-SCREW IT SEEMED KINDA.

SAY! THERE MEBBE SOMETHIN' IN THIS.

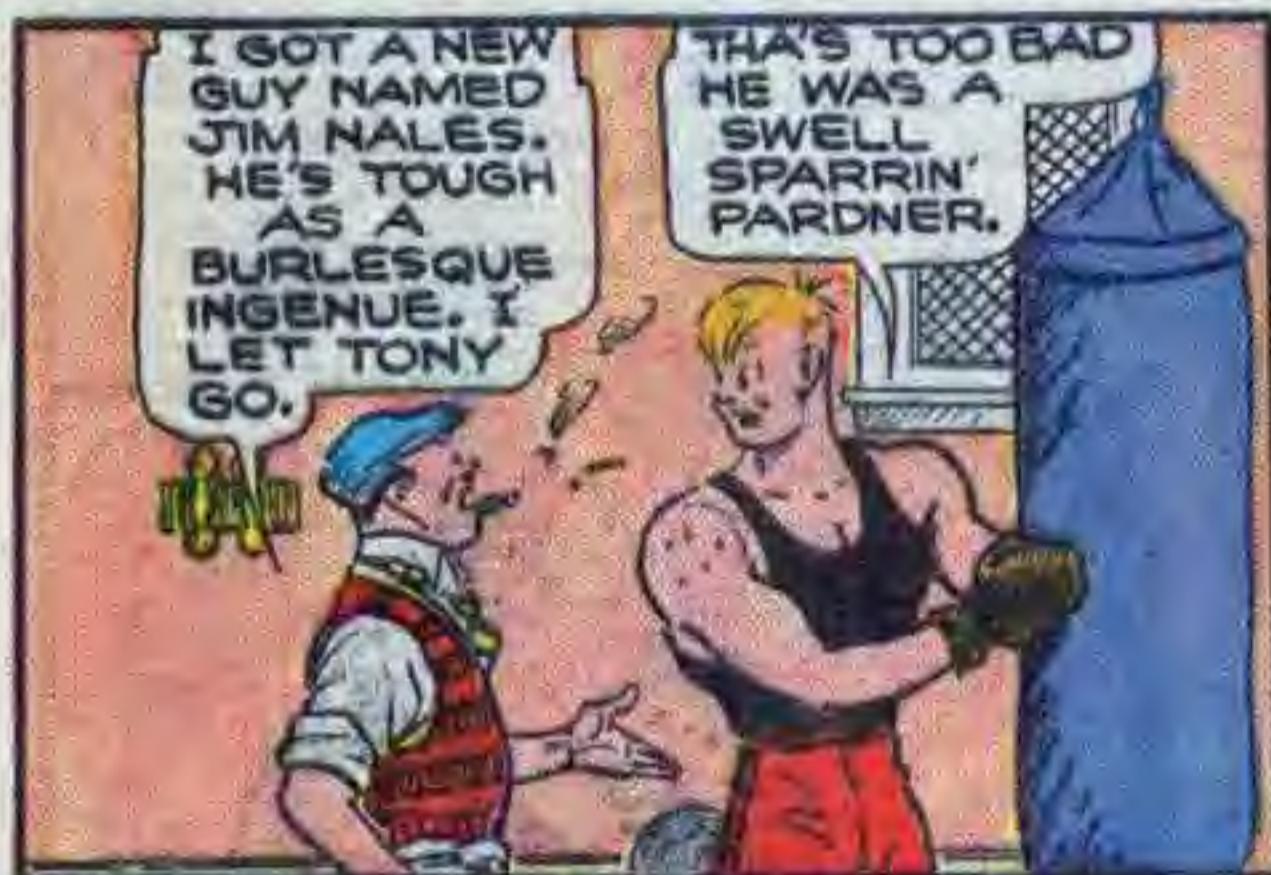
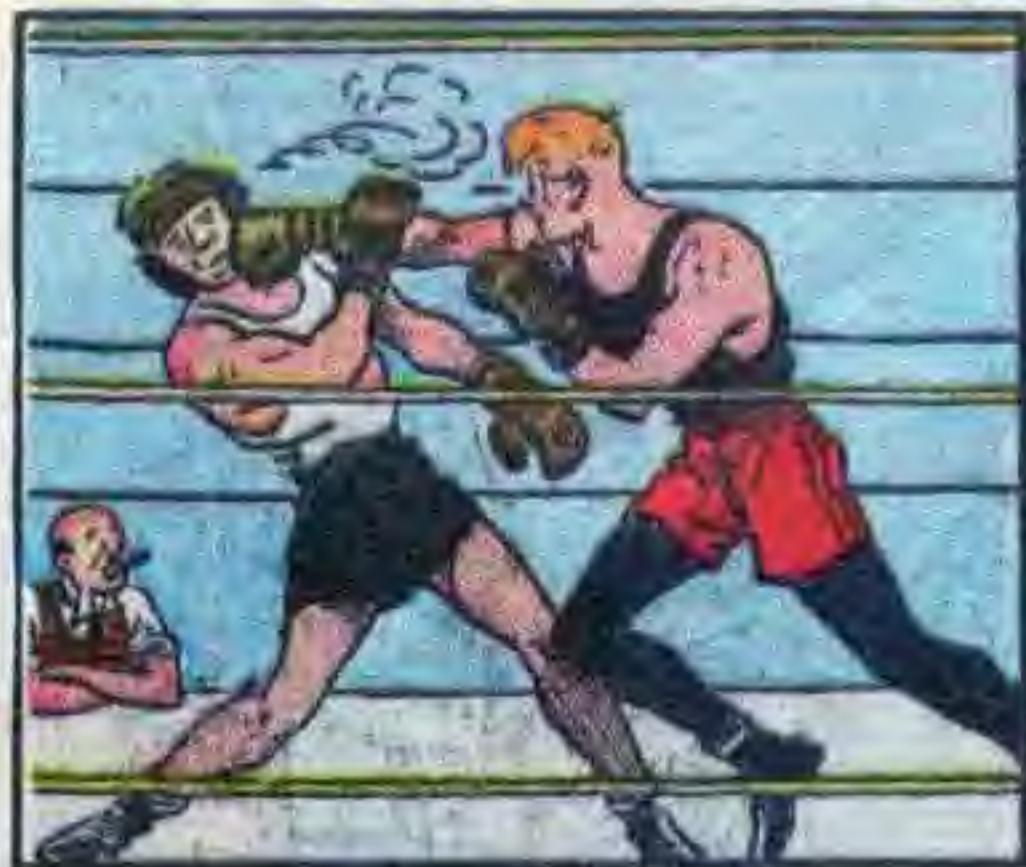


NOW TRY AN' MAKE YER WRIST TWIST THAT WAY AGAIN.

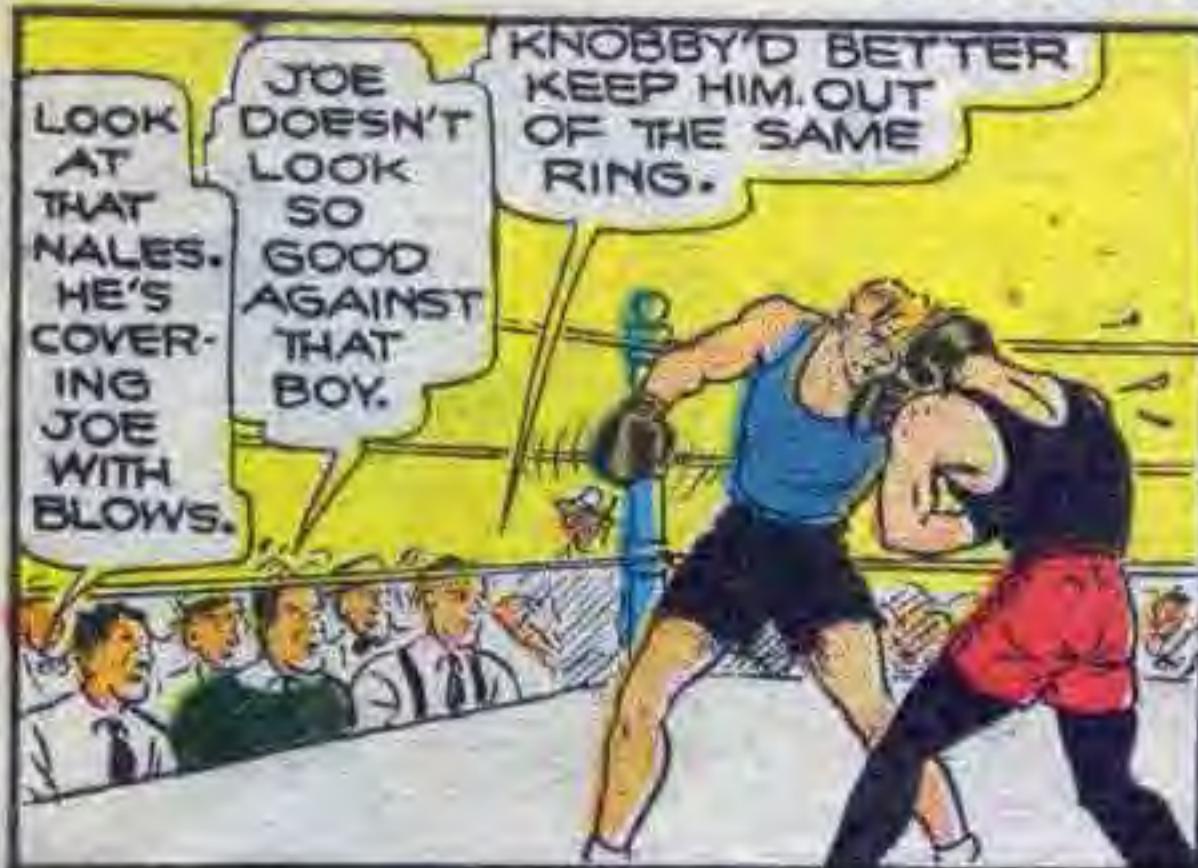
AWRIGHT.



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



SPY-CHEF

AFTER SAVING THE PANAMA CANAL FROM BEING BLOCKED BY PREVENTING A MERCHANT VESSEL FROM BEING SUNK, THE CLOAK IS TRAPPED IN A FLAMING VESSEL WHILE THE COLONEL IS CAPTURED, STRAPPED TO A LOG, AND PUSHED INTO THE FOAMING RIVER TO FACE DEATH AT THE FALLS -----



THE LOG SPEEDS DOWN TOWARD THE VICIOUS FALLS-

I'M LOST!
NO ONE WITHIN
MILES TO SAVE
ME!

DEATH BECKONS THE COLONEL AS THE LOG GOES OVER!

AT THAT MOMENT—

IT WAS A RACE AGAINST TIME — BUT I MADE IT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BIG SHOT COMICS

OVER THE RAGING TORRENT
SAILS THE CLOAK.

HE'S GOING—
OVER!

I CAN SHIFT HIM,
ONTO THE ROCK!
THAT'LL HOLD HIM—



I'M WITH YOU,
COLONEL! HANG ON!

I'M TRYING,
CLOAK!



NOW THAT I'M SAFE,
WE'RE STILL BOTH
IN DANGER! HOW'RE
WE GOING TO GET
OFF THIS ROCK?

WE'RE
GOING
BACK UP
THE RAPIDS
WE'VE GOT TO
SWIM FOR IT!



BUFFETING THE SWIRLING
WATERS THE CLOAK AND THE
COLONEL SWIM CROSSCURRENT-

ONLY A LITTLE—
MORE TO GO!

THAT VILLIAN
VON GRATZOFF HAS
TO BE STOPPED!
I'M GOING AFTER
HIM— INTO THE
INTERIOR!

BUT HE'S PROBABLY
GOING TO AROUSE
THE NATIVE TRIBES!
IF HE DOES THAT—
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR
LIFE IN THERE!



I'VE GONE UP AGAINST
DANGER BEFORE. IT'S
NOTHING NEW! WHEN
YOU SERVE YOUR COUNTRY
AS I DO, IT'S WHAT
YOU GET TO EXPECT!



BIG SHOT COMICS

EAR AHEAD OF THE CLOAK,
VON GRATZOFF IS RACING
TOWARD AN INDIAN VILLAGE!

I'VE GOTTEN RID OF
THAT FOOL COLONEL,
EVEN IF THE CLOAK
DID ESCAPE ME! NOW
I'LL SEE THE NATIVE
TRIBES AND ROUSE
THEM!

HALT! FRIEND?

I AM VON
GRATZOFF!
I HAVE COME
TO SEE YOUR
CHIEF,
BEARING
GIFTS!

THE INDIAN GUARD LETS HIM
THROUGH, AND HE ARRIVES
WITHIN SIGHT OF THE VILLAGE!

LUCKILY FOR ME I
MADE FRIENDS WITH
DARA THE CHIEF YEARS
AGO! HE WILL BE GLAD
TO SEE ME!

GREETINGS, DARA!
I COME WITH A GUN-THAT-
SHOOTS-RAPIDLY FOR YOU.
WE RENEW OUR LONG
FRIENDSHIP!

DARA IS GLAD TO
GREET YOU, WHITE
FRIEND! WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE AGAIN?

I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CAME!
TO GET YOUR HELP TO FIGHT
THE AMERICANO. YOU COULD
HARASS THEIR SUPPLY TRAINS
THAT PASS THROUGH
YOUR COUNTRY—

BUT I AM FRIENDS
WITH THE
AMERICANO!

YOU WOULDN'T BE FRIENDS IF I
TOLD THAT YOU WERE THE ONE IN
BACK OF THAT REVOLT AND MASSACRE
A FEW YEARS AGO! NOW DO YOU
DO WHAT I SAY- OR DO YOU
GO TO THE AMERICANO JAIL?

YOU KNOW TOO
MUCH ABOUT ME,
I WILL FIGHT
FOR YOU!

I KNEW
YOU'D SEE IT
THAT WAY

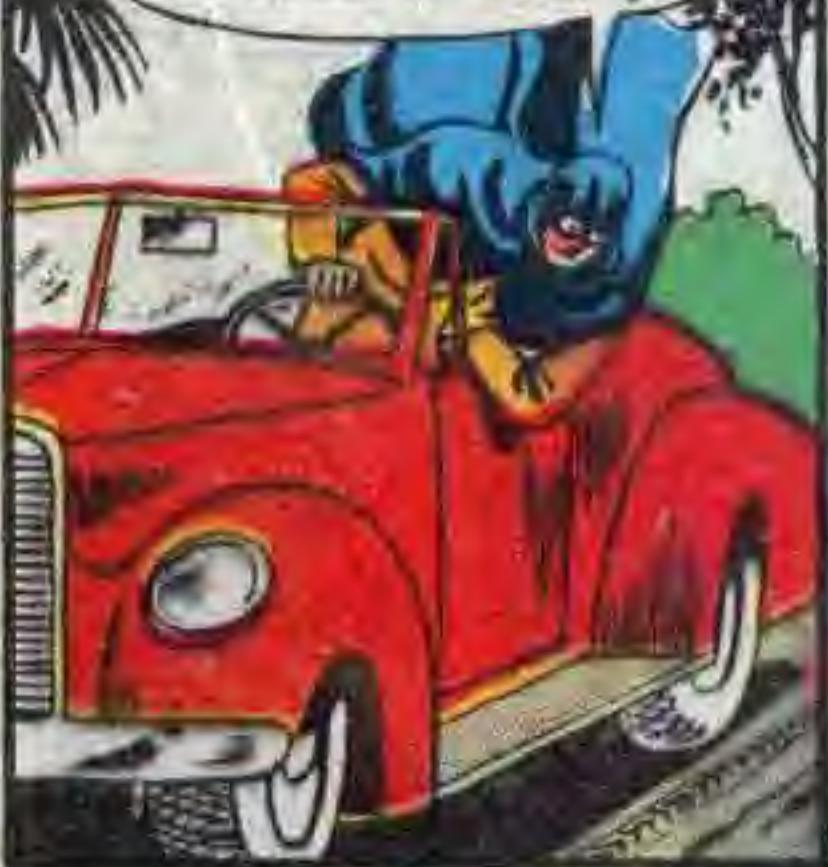
I WILL FIGHT—
OHHH! LOOK!

YOU!



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE DRY SPELL DOWN HERE ALLOWS THE TIRE TRACKS OF VON GRATZOFF'S CAR TO SHOW UP REAL WELL! IT'S EASY TO FOLLOW THEM!



A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE!



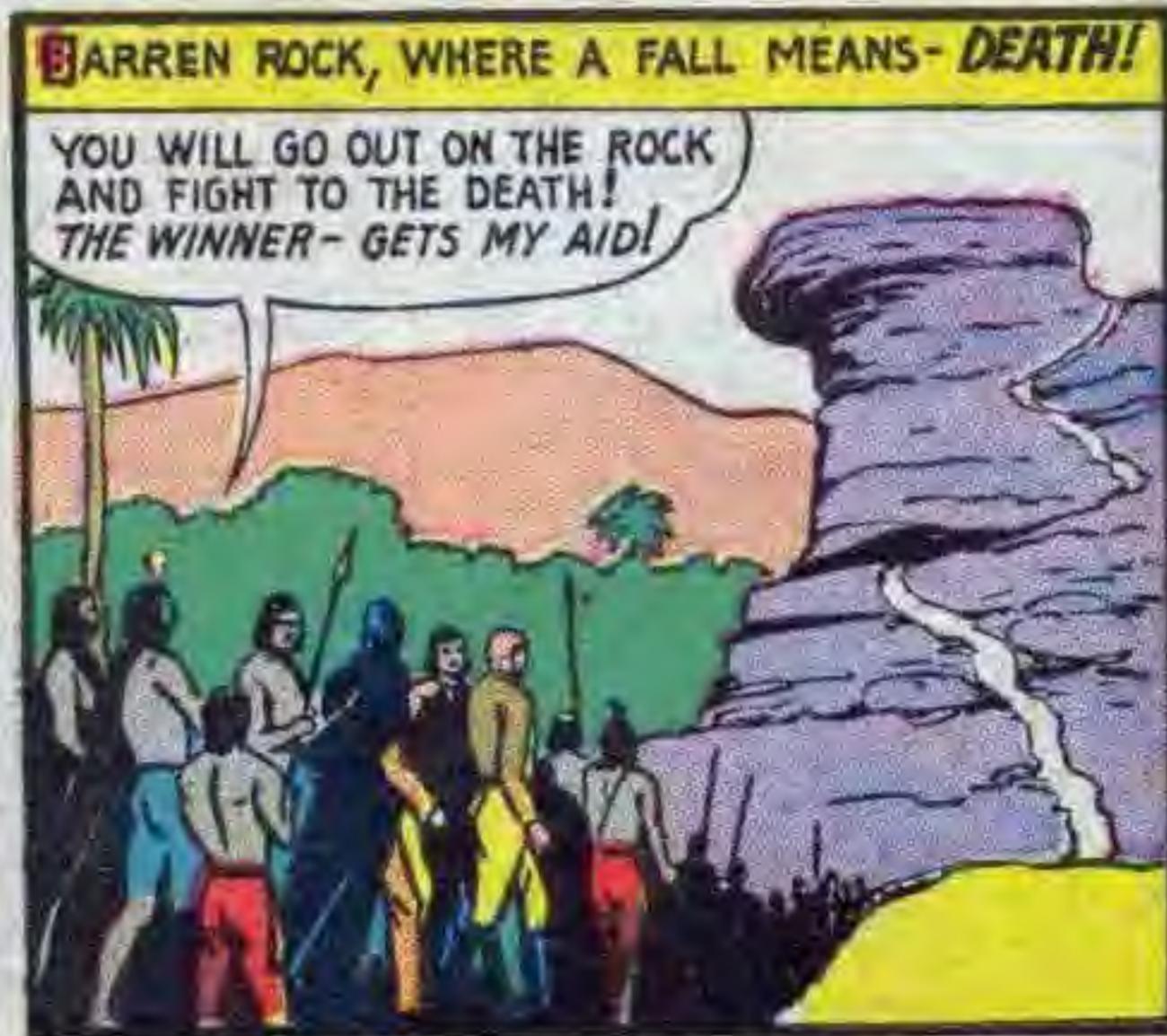
THE CLOAK ARRIVES AT THE VILLAGE, AND FROM ITS SIZE AND LAVISHNESS, SOON FINDS DARA'S HUT!



THE CLOAK LEAPS RECKLESSLY THROUGH THE AIR ONTO THE ROOF OF DARA'S HUT!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE FIGHTERS CIRCLE WARILY READY FOR A STRUGGLE TO THE FINISH!



VON GRATZOFF DRAWS A HUNTING KNIFE AS HE LEAPS AT THE CLOAK!

NO WEAPONS ARE ALLOWED BUT AFTER I KILL YOU, DARA WILL FORGET THAT!

YOU CAN'T EVEN FIGHT FAIR, CAN YOU?



PACKING UP FOR LEG ROOM HE TRIPS!

I HAVE YOU NOW!

THAT PEBBLE - MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FREE AMERICA AND A CONQUERED ONE!



OH!

NOW WE'LL TRY A TRICK OF OUR OWN!



TWISTING ON THE ROCK, THE CLOAK STIFFENS HIS LEGS AND PROPELS VON GRATZOFF OUT OVER THE DEEP CANYON!



YOU HAVE WON, CLOAK. ALWAYS WITH CHIEF DARA GIVE TO THE AMERICANO HIS FRIENDSHIP!

THAT WAS A TOUGH MOMENT ON THAT ROCK CHIEF - BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!



BACK IN PANAMA, JEFF CARDIFF (THE CLOAK) REPORTS HIS SUCCESS!

THE POWER OF THE ENEMY HAS BEEN BROKEN IN CENTRAL AMERICA, SIR!

GREAT WORK, JEFF! YOU'RE ENTITLED TO A VACATION AFTER THAT BIT OF SERVICE TO YOUR COUNTRY



READ SPY CHIEF IN BIG SHOT COMICS FOR DARING ADVENTURES FIGHTING THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA

MORNING EXERCISE FOR THE **SKYMAN**

by
Paul Dean



MIDWAY down the "Personal Notice" column in the morning paper, Allan Turner spotted a small article that contained the word *Skyman*. His steel-blue eyes read the paragraph carefully:

Skyman: For your information it might be advisable to acquaint yourself with the utility system of this city. Electricity and the Initials R. M. should be sufficient lead for you, Skyman.

That was all, not even a hint as to who the author of the cryptic message was. "It may be a true lead to something important for all its mystery," Allan commented. "So methinks I'll hop to the job right away."

In the large laboratory and office adjoining the hangar where the powerful *Wing* was housed, Allan opened several volumes and gleaned through the long lists of names that filled the pages. Presently he halted, his finger pressed beneath the printed name of "Roger Meagle, President of the Inter-City Light and Power Company."

"That must be the fellow—he's the only one fitting those initials."

During the lapse of a minute or so, a remarkable change occurred. Allan opened a closet, took out a uniform and cape of brilliant red and blue and soon stood fully costumed in the striking garments of the Skyman.

In a holster by his side hung his *stasmatic*, a strange weapon of his own invention that had many times saved him from injury and horrible death.

He pressed a hidden button and the huge doors of the air-drome slid silently back. Leaping into the cabin of the *Wing*, he adjusted the controls and the twin motors immediately filled the enclosure with the hum of their unleashed power. The plane rolled out into the morning sunlight, raced across the green field and lifted itself into the air. Climbing to 10,000 to avoid detection, Allan Turner, now the colorful *Skyman*, headed the *Wing* toward the pine-covered mountains in the northern section of the state.

"Roger Meagle has a fishing and hunting lodge up on Lake Crystal and I remember reading only yesterday that he left to spend a few weeks up there."

The distance of 300 miles was a mere nothing to the fleet *Wing* and within the hour the *Skyman* was cruising leisurely over the lake-speckled mountain range. As far as the eye could see, green pine trees covered the slopes of the rugged mountains. And it was with a certain amount of surprise that the *Skyman*, gazing down on the emerald foliage, caught the glare of reflected sunlight—a sharp beam that flashed on and off with code-like precision.

"That's what it is, all right—somebody's flashing a message." He paused as he read the series of long and short beams of light. "Someone's in trouble—needs help immediately. Guess I'll drop down and see what's going on."

He circled the *Wing* and descended swiftly in a wide arc. Levelling off about thirty feet above the spot where the mysterious flashes emanated, he brought the plane to a halt—performing a modern miracle of science by making the ship remain motionless in mid-air. This he accomplished by utilizing the magnetic attractions of the North and South poles.

Opening the cabin door, he gazed down and perceived the figure of a man, frantically waving a handkerchief. By his feet lay the still form of another man. The *Skyman* lost no time; he dropped a good length of rope from the *Wing* and, grasping it, slid down to the ground.

"Thank goodness you came—I'd given up all hope." The man who had been waving the cloth staggered weakly to the *Skyman's* side. "My friend and I—we've been wandering around for three days—lost."

"Better take a look at him," suggested the *Skyman*, and he knelt down by the prone figure on the ground. And at that moment something hit him on the head with tremendous force—his

BIG SHOT COMICS



watched the performance silently and each drew a breath of relief when the task was completed. "That's all, men," Meagle said, peeling off several bills from a large roll and handing them to the abductors. "Now beat it back to the power-plant. Have the dynamite placed in the designated spots and stand by for the signal."

The two men greedily snatched the money, jerked a half-hearted salute in Meagle's direction and disappeared through the door. Meagle went over to the Skyman, pushed his face back and sneered. "Well, Skyman, you were the one person I feared might upset my little plan to net a cool five million dollars. With you out of the way, it'll be quite simple. The new power plant will be blown to bits in precisely two hours and all that nice new equipment, insured to the tune of five million, goes with it."

vision reeled and blackened and he fell forward, unconscious.

The man lying on the ground arose, brushed himself and smiled evilly. "That was easier than I thought—he certainly fell for that hook, line and sinker."

"What'll we do about the plane up there?" inquired the first man, pointing to the Wing overhead.

"Let Meagle worry about that," the second man replied, lifting the limp form of the Skyman over his shoulder. "All we're getting paid for is to bring the Skyman to his lodge—and that's just what we're doing."

FIFTEEN minutes later a dark sedan pulled up in front of Meagle's hunting lodge, a sprawling log-constructed building set close by the lapping waters of Lake Crystal. The noise of the car brought a short, stocky man to the veranda.

"Well, we nabbed him, all right," the driver gloated. "He's dumped in the back seat, Mr. Meagle."

"Fine. Cart him in and tie him up—so he can't get away." The portly executive of the Inter-City Light and Power Company turned and strode into the lodge. The two men in the car, grasping the still-limp form of the Skyman, dragged him into the comfortably furnished living room. They slumped him onto a chair and proceeded to bind him with stout rope.

Meagle and three other men



that fraction of a moment the Skyman fell to one side, cowboy fashion, and drawing his *stasimatic*, shot a bolt of paralyzing force. Meagle dropped the weapon and sank to the floor, totally unaware of what hit him.

"Now, gentlemen, the same thing's in store for you if you fail to do as I order!" The Skyman pointed the *stasimatic* at the other men sprawled on the floor. "Each of you will write out a complete confession of what you know about this insurance racket—as for friend Meagle, I'll take personal care of him."

The afternoon papers carried the amazing story in bold headlines. Pictures, too, of the police holding the dazed Meagle, who had been dropped by parachute onto the roof of police headquarters. And the exciting yarn of how the police surrounded and captured the men who intended to blow up the power-plant. And the story of the apprehension of the three other utility executives in the hunting lodge on Lake Crystal—with confessions pinned to their lapels.

Allan Turner, reading the startling article, smiled: "It was fun while it lasted, but I'm sure the Skyman wouldn't get into as much trouble if he followed the comic strips instead of the 'Personal Notice' column."



One of the other three men laughed heartily. "Pretty clever of you, Meagle, inserting that advertisement in the 'Personal Notice' column. You practically invited the Skyman up here to his death—and he came willingly."

"That's what you think, fellows!" The rope binding the Skyman snapped like strips of confetti under the pressure of his tremendous muscles. With his left hand he seized the chair and sent it crashing into the midst of the startled onlookers. Meagle, cursing violently, raced to a table, opened a drawer and grasped an automatic. He levelled it at the Skyman's body and fired—but in





Charlie CHAN

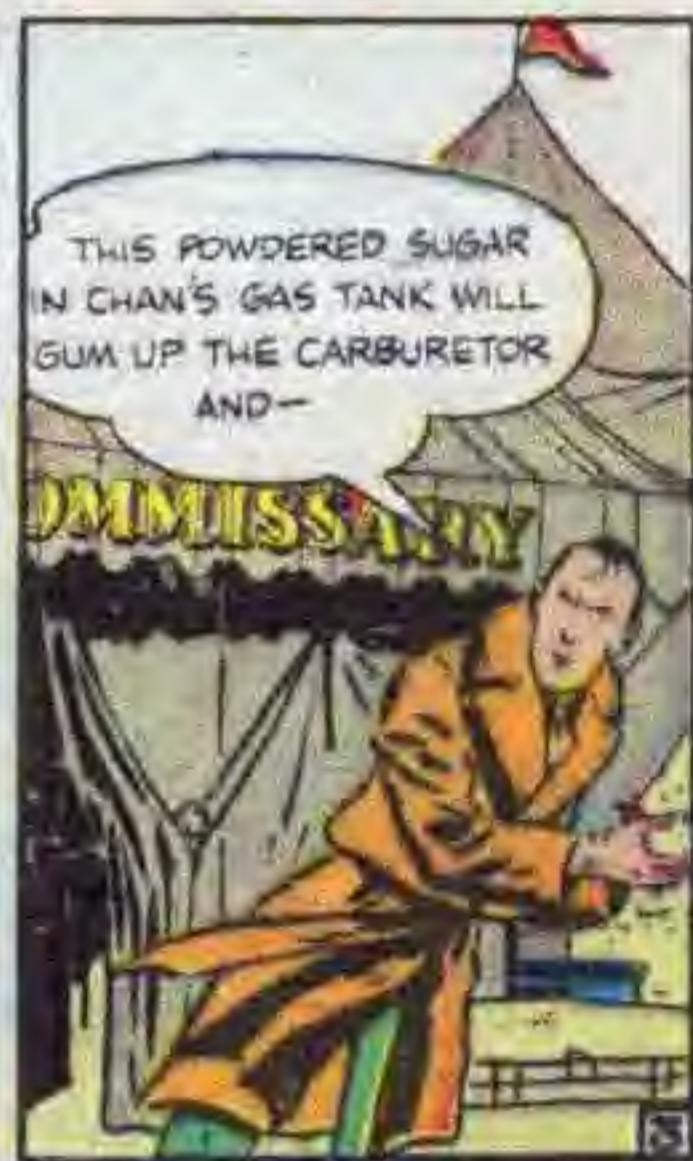
AS CHARLIE SPEEDS TO THE CARNIVAL TO INTERVIEW MARY'S HALF-BROTHER, JACK CONWAY, ABOUT THE CLOWN BUTTON DANTON TAKES YOUNG CONWAY 'FOR A RIDE' AND SLUGGS HIM ON THE HEAD



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



MARVELO

MONARCH
OF
MAGICIANS

ONCE AGAIN RAMUN THE EVIL ONE
RETURNS TO CHALLENGE THE POWERS OF
MARVELO - AND UPON THE OUTCOME
DEPENDS THE WHOLE FUTURE OF THE
WORLD ----



SORRY TO BREAK UP OUR
EVENING - BUT WE MUST
LOOK INTO THIS
MURDER --

QUITE
ALL RIGHT,
INSPECTOR.

THANK HEAVENS
YOU'VE COME,
INSPECTOR!
SOMETHING
MIGHTY QUEER
IS GOING ON
HERE!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
MACQUIRE?

ONLY A MOMENT
AGO A KNIFE AS
BIG AS A
BAYONET WAS
STICKING OUT OF
THAT DEAD 'UN'S
CHEST --- AND NOW
IT'S GONE!

WHAT?



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGER
THAN THAT HERE, INSPECTOR!
THIS IS JACK HALSEY - OF THE
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
BUREAU!

WHAT COULD
BRING HIM
TO THIS
PESTILENT
PLACE?

WE'LL SOON
KNOW -- HE'S
STILL
ALIVE!
LOOK
OUT!

ONLY A MOVEMENT SWIFTER
THAN LIGHT SAVES MARVELO

THANK THE
LORD IT
MISSSED!

IT -- IT'S THE
MURDER
KNIFE!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

AT MARVELO'S WORD THE BULLETS
BECOME BUTTERFLIES!

KALORAI! COME ON, FELLOWS.
THIS AINT NO GARDEN!
WHAT!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHAKES THE HOUSE!



BUT AS THEY DESPAIR FOR MARVELO'S LIFE--

MARVELO!



ARE YOU HURT?
WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M ALL RIGHT--
THERE ARE TWO OF THEM IN THIS DEVIL'S BUSINESS
AND THEY'RE ESCAPING BY AN UNDERGROUND WATER PASSAGE.



WE MUST CATCH THEM!
THOSE MEN HAVE STOLEN
THE BRITTLE PLANS AND
STRATEGIC MAPS OF
THE U.S. PACIFIC FLEET!



BIG SHOT COMICS

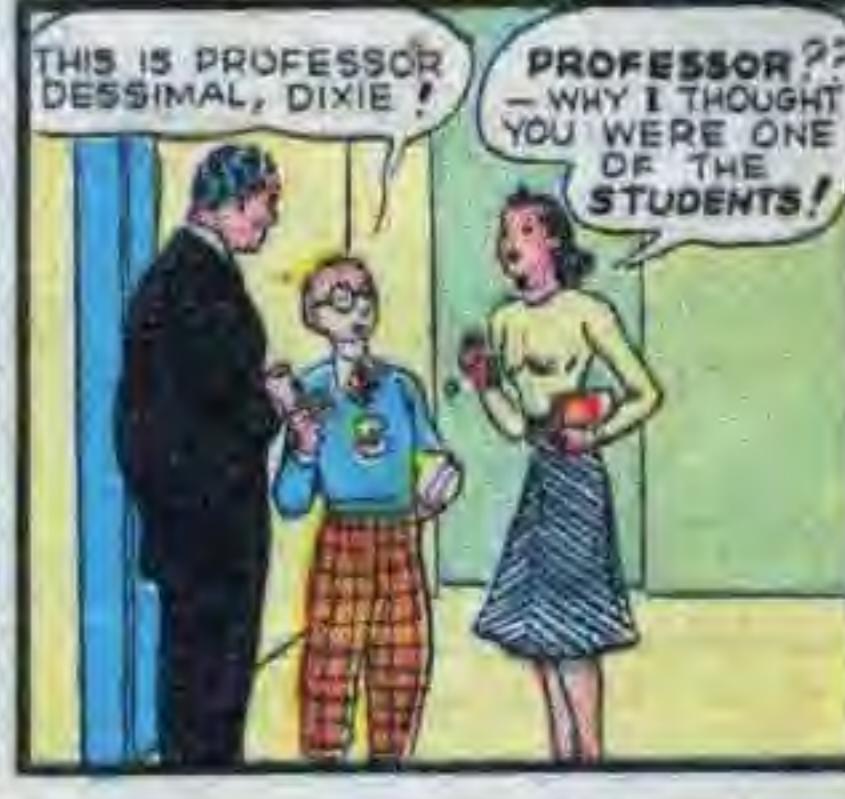
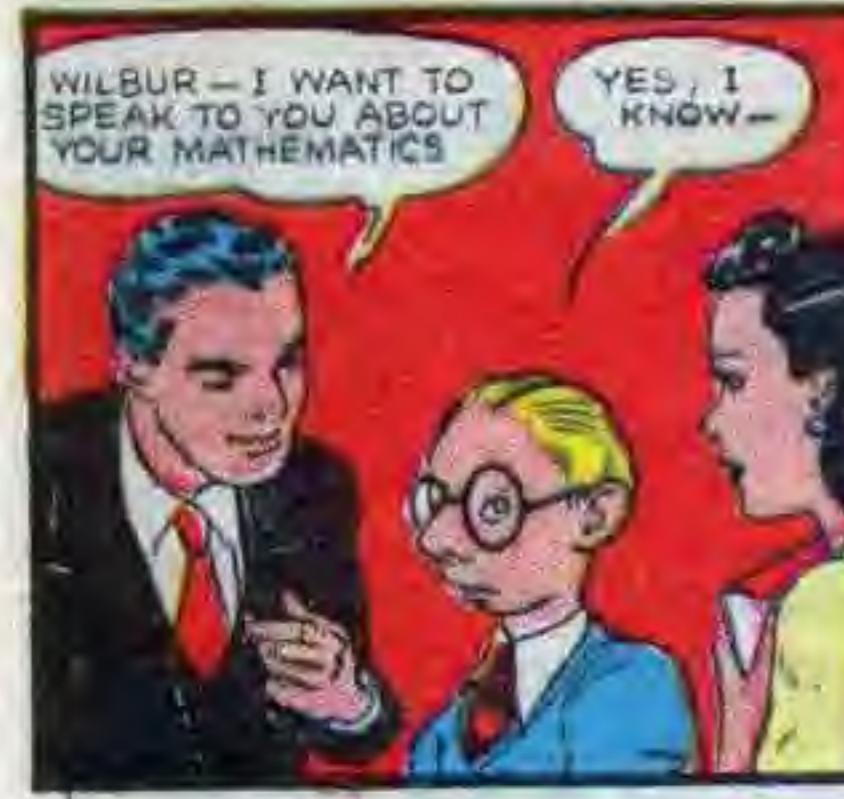


BIG SHOT COMICS



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



ROCKY RYAN



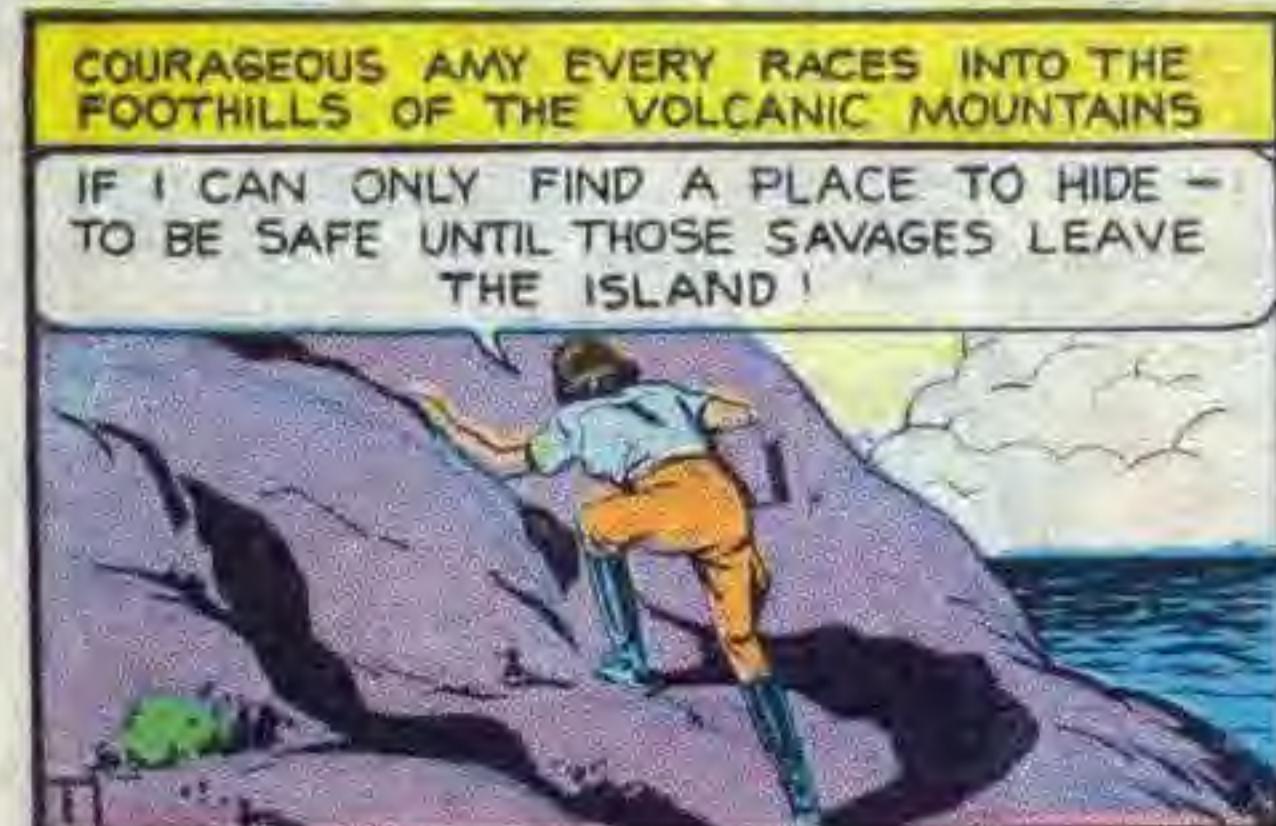
ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM NOWHERE A GIRL AVIATOR IS MAROONED ON A LOST TROPIC ISLE. WORKING LIKE A DEMON SHE REMOVES THE RADIO FROM HER SUNKEN PLANE AND TRIES TO CALL THE WORLD -



WHAT'S THE USE ? THIS THING WON'T WORK ! I'LL DIE HERE - ALONE ! HELPLESS !



TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE - SAVAGES ! IF THEY FIND ME, I'M LOST ! I - I'VE GOT TO GET SOMEWHERE WHERE THEY WON'T FIND ME !



COURAGEOUS AMY EVERY RACES INTO THE FOOTHILLS OF THE VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS IF I CAN ONLY FIND A PLACE TO HIDE - TO BE SAFE UNTIL THOSE SAVAGES LEAVE THE ISLAND !



SHE FINDS A LITTLE CAVE THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE I WANT - THIS OUGHT TO MEAN - SAFETY !

BIG SHOT COMICS

IN FAR-OFF SURABAYA IN THE EAST INDIES - ROCKY RYAN JOINS A FRIEND INTERESTED IN AMATEUR RADIO

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU AMATEUR "HAMS" GET OUT OF THIS EVERLASTING LISTENING TO PEOPLE FROM NOWHERE ! THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT -

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE !

NO EXCITEMENT ? LISTEN TO THIS - I THINK I'VE GOT AMY EVERY ! THE LOST AVIATRIX !

WHA-AT ?



I BOUGHT THAT LITTLE JOB IN SINGAPORE. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FLY THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT RE-FUELING ! SHALL WE TRY HER OUT ?

BOY, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A CO-PILOT !

EVERYTHING LOOKS TO BE IN ORDER.

AND A RADIO - A GOOD ONE ! THIS'S MY JOB ! RADIO MAN, YOU CAN BE ALL THE PILOT YOURSELF !



UP FROM JUNGLED SURABAYA RISES THE STURDY AIRPLANE

HERE WE GO, DUBS ! NEXT STOP, SAMOA -



AT SAMOA THEY STOP FOR MORE GASOLINE

I CAN'T GET ANOTHER PEEP OUT OF THAT DAME WHO SENT US THAT MESSAGE ! MAYBE IT WAS JUST A FAKE !

FINE TIME TO TELL ME THAT. WE'LL KEEP GOING, JUST IN CASE !



BIG SHOT COMICS

HEY, I GOT A RISE AGAIN !
THE GIRL'S VOICE IS COMING
IN ! SHE'S STILL CALLING -
WHAT THE - !

WHAT'S
UP ?

SAVAGES ! THEY'VE SEEN
HER IN SOME HIDING
PLACE ! THEY'RE COMING
AFTER HER

WE'VE GOT TO
TRAVEL IF WE'RE
GOING TO BE ANY
HELP TO HER !

THE BROADCAST IS ALL TOO TRUE !

IF ANYBODY CAN HEAR ME - PLEASE HURRY !
PLEASE ! HE - OH ! HE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF ME !

YOU WON'T GET
ME THAT EASY !

OHH !

I GUESS I'M A GONE
GOOSE, BUT I'M GOING
TO MAKE IT AS HARD
FOR THEM AS I CAN !

HABBA GODA !
CATCH THE
SWIFT ONE !

LET THAT ROCK YOU TO
SLEEP, WILD MAN !

UGH !

STRUGGLING WILDLY, AMY EVERY IS OVERTHROWN . . .

YOU'LL BE - SORRY - FOR ALL -
THIS ! MY FINGERNAILS ARE -
MIGHTY - SHARP !

BIG SHOT COMICS

THERE'S A LITTLE ISLAND OFF TO THE EAST. I'LL COME DOWN LOW OVER IT!

I'LL KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN — OR SAVAGES, EITHER!



CANOES ! NATIVE CANOES ! SAY, THIS MAY BE THE RIGHT PLACE ! LET'S LAND !



WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE ?

YOU GO LEFT AND I'LL HEAD RIGHT ! FIRE A SHOT IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE !



AN UNCHARTED PACIFIC ISLAND CAN PRODUCE ALMOST ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF DANGER, SO I'LL BE PREPARED, AS THE BOY SCOUTS SAY !



ROCKY IS NOT PREPARED FOR AN OVERHEAD ATTACK !

UGH ! LOOK ! WHITE MAN ! WE GET, BRING TO FIJI, OUR CHIEFTAIN !



A ROPE DROPS FROM THE TREES AND SETTLES OVER HIS SHOULDERS !

I GUESS THIS IS A BLIND ALLEY. I - WHAT THE - !



MABBOLA NONGA !

IF YOU'RE CALLING ME A DIMWIT, I AGREE WITH YOU ! CAUGHT LIKE A BABY ! SOME ADVENTURER, I AM !



A REGULAR WAR PARTY ! I SURE RAN INTO SOMETHING !



BIG SHOT COMICS

A WHITE MAN ! OH,
I'M SO GLAD TO SEE
YOU ! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE ?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT,
I'M SUPPOSED TO
BE RESCUING YOU !
WHAT A RESCUER I
TURNED OUT TO BE !

IF THEY GET US OUT
TO SEA, AND TO THEIR
ISLAND, WE'RE LOST !

I KNOW, BUT THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN DO -
WAIT A MINUTE !

MUSTERING A FEW WORDS OF "ISLAND"
JARGON ROCKY THREATENS THE NATIVES -

SAY, YOU ! TELL THAT CHIEF OF
YOURS IF HE DOESN'T FREE
ME I'LL SINK THIS CANOE I'M IN !

UGH !
I TELL !

YOU BIG WIND, WHITE
MAN ! YOU NOT SINK
BOAT ! YOU GO HOME
MAKE GOOD STEW
FOR ME !

ALL RIGHT, YOU
ASKED FOR IT !
AMY - GO INTO
ACTION !

AMY EVERY, SITTING WITH HER BACK
TO ROCKY, REACHES INTO HIS HOLSTER
AND CAN JUST MANAGE TO SQUEEZE
THE TRIGGER OF ROCKY'S GUN.

ATTA GIRL ! OOW, THAT
STUNG MY HIP ! BUT
THE FORCE OF THE BULLET
WILL TEAR THROUGH THE
CANOE'S BOTTOM !

UGH ! MAN
GREAT WIZARD !

I SCUTTLED THEIR SHIP -
BUT THE CHIEF'S GO-
ING TO SCUTTLE ME !

I SLAY GREAT
WIZARD
AND WIN MUCH
GLORY !

THE WAR CLUB SWINGS IN AN ARC
RIGHT FOR ROCKY'S HEAD -

I CAN'T GET OUT
OF THIS ONE !

I KILL !
I KILL !

BIG SHOT COMICS

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT. DUBS DUFFY HAS REACHED THE SHORE !

ZOWIE ! WHAT A SHOT - THAT WAS !
NOW IF I CAN SNAP THESE
WATER - SOAKED BONDS -



BREAKING HIS BONDS WITH A QUICK SURGE OF HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, ROCKY LEAPS TO THE ATTACK !

LET 'EM HAVE IT, AMY !
LIKE THIS !

I'LL BE ONLY
TOO GLAD TO !



I DON'T WANT HIM, SO
YOU TAKE HIM !



THIS'LL TEACH 'EM
NOT TO PLAY WITH
FIRE !



THAT'LL MAKE 'EM
SCRAM FAST ENOUGH !
EITHER THAT OR GET
LEFT HIGH AND DRY
ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND !

FRIGHTENED AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING
MAROONED, THE SAVAGES FLEE -

THEY ONLY USE THIS ISLAND
TO WORSHIP ON. THEY
WON'T BE BACK HERE IN 'A
HURRY !

NEITHER WILL
YOU, EH, AMY ?



YOU SAID
IT ! HOW'D
YOU EVER
FIND ME ?

DUBS THERE GETS THE CREDIT FOR THAT ! HE'S A RADIO EXPERT HE GOT YOUR SIGNALS AND WE CAME A-RUNNING !

AW, IT
WASN'T
ANY-
THING !



I'M GOING TO FINISH
MY ROUND-THE-WORLD
TRIP WITH A NEW PLA-
NE ! HOW'D YOU LIKE
TO BE MY RADIO MAN ?

SWELL ! THAT'D
SUIT ME RIGHT
TO A T !

TALKING
ABOUT 'T'
REMINDS ME
OF FOOD !
HOW ABOUT
EATING,
THEN TAKING
OFF ?



INTO THE RAYS
OF THE DYING
SUN ROCKY AND
HIS TWO COM-
RADES RIDE
BACK TO CIVI-
LIZATION AND
SAFETY

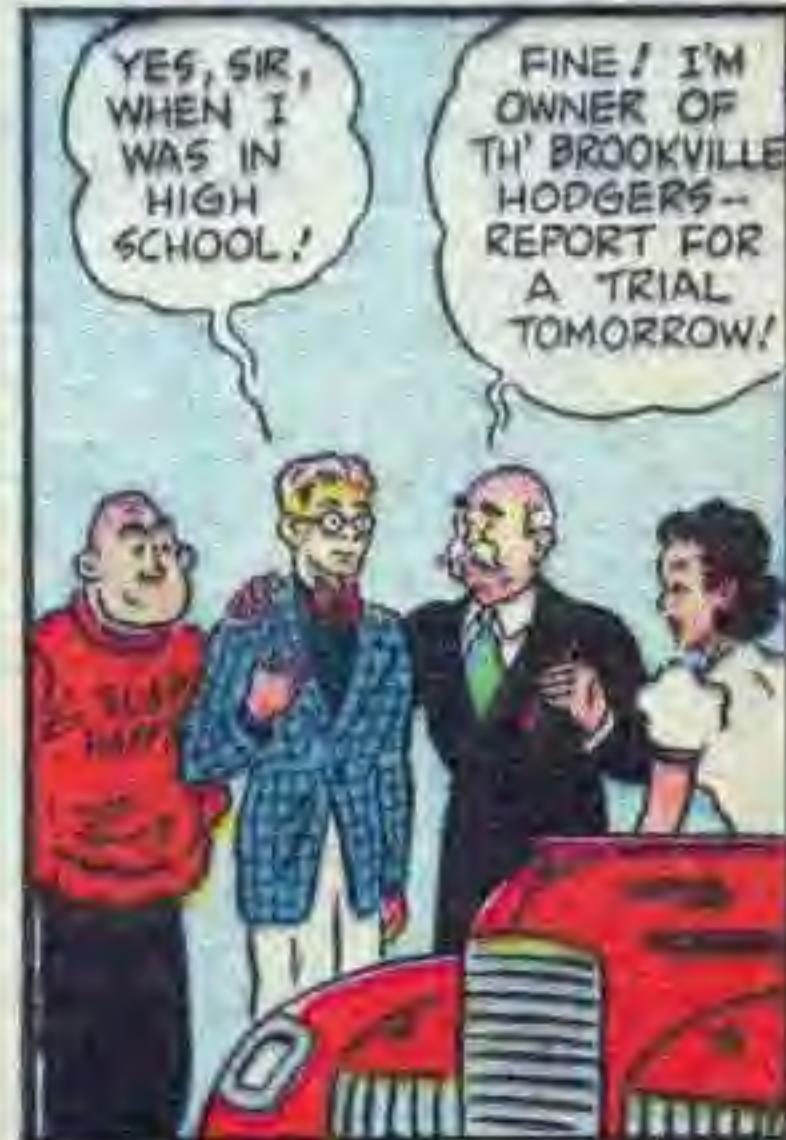


ROCKY RYAN ADVENTURES
ALL OVER THE GLOBE
EVERY MONTH IN
BIG SHOT COMICS

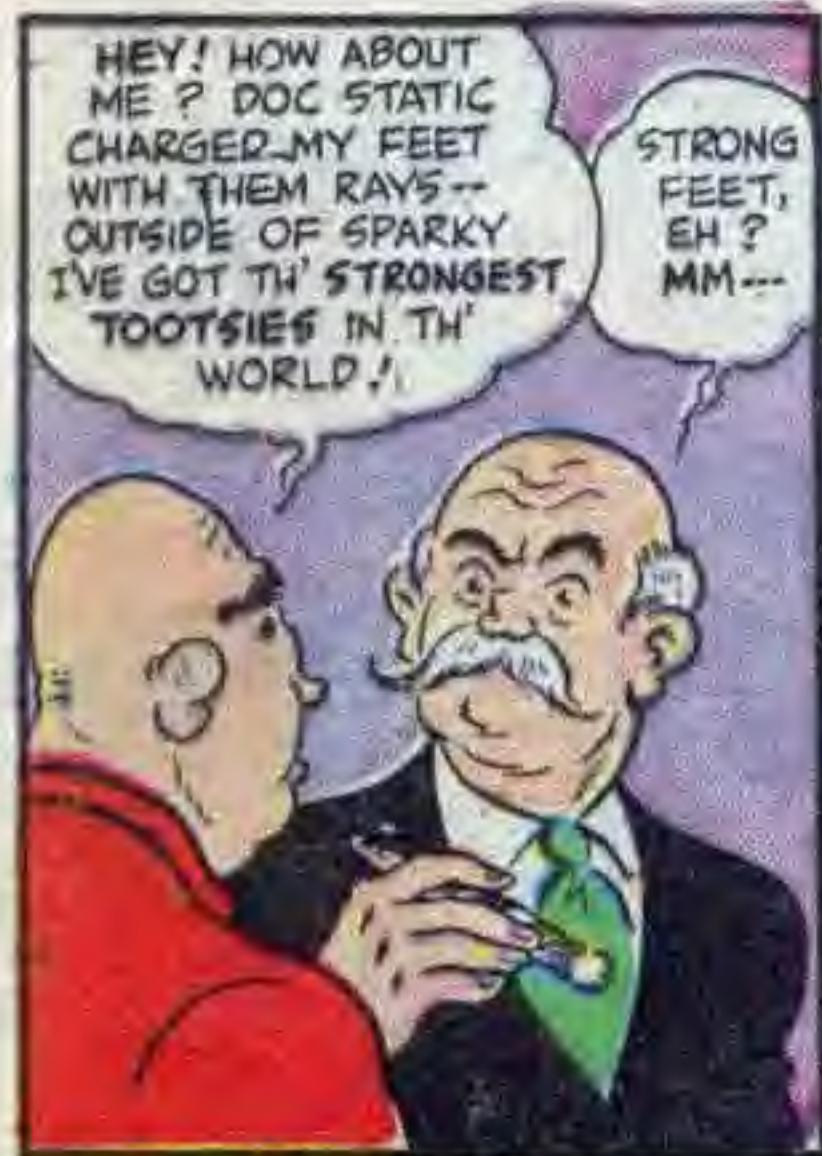
SPARKY WATTS

by BOODY
ROGERS

ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



**SPARKY
TAKES
HIS PLACE
IN THE
BATTER'S
BOX
AND--**

DUCK, YOU
DOPE! THAT
BALL'S COMIN'
RIGHT AT YOUR
HEAD!!



LATER AT THE BALL PARK



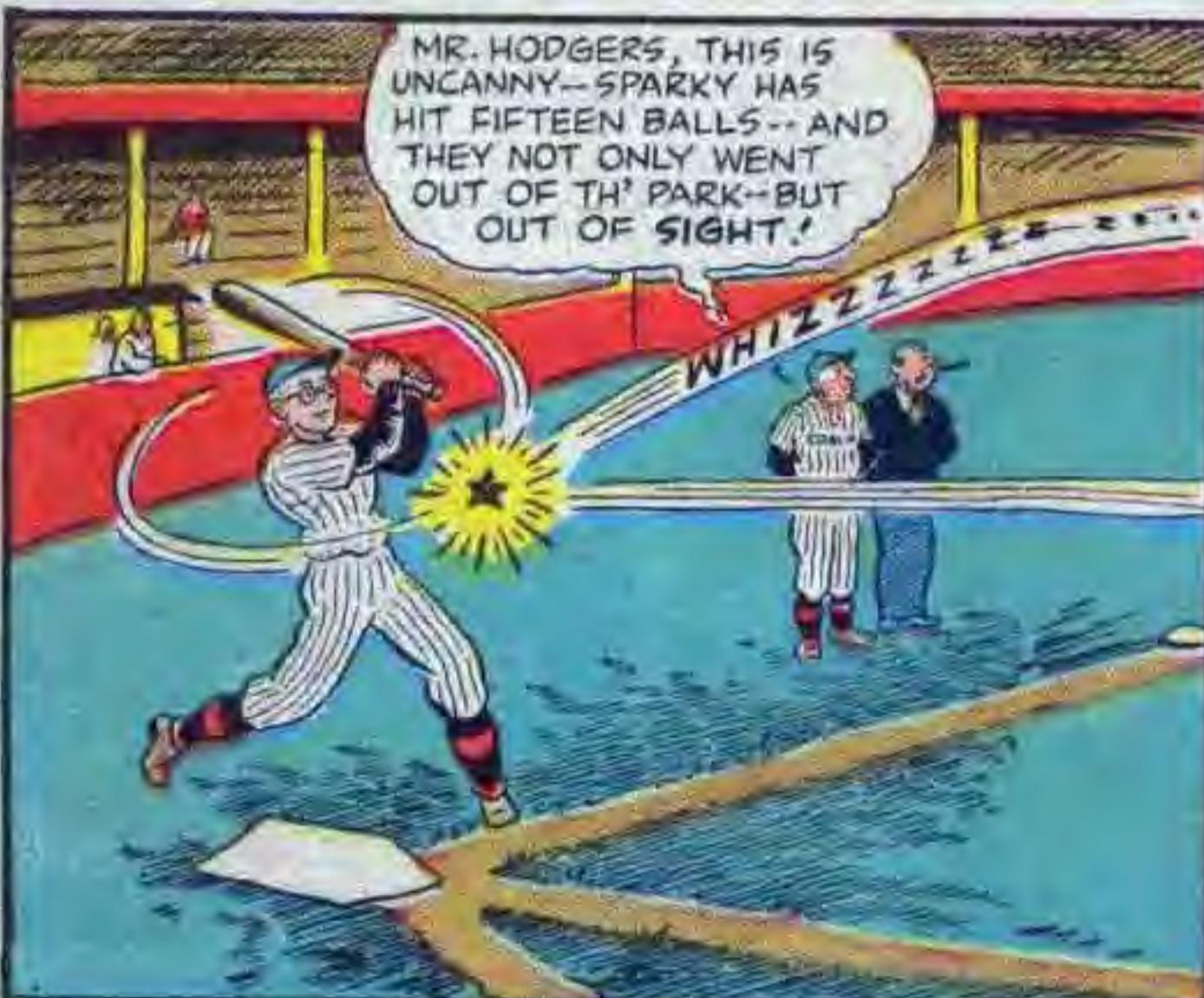
BOYS, I WANT YOU
TO MEET SPARKY, YOUR
NEW TEAM MATE - AND
I THINK HE'S GONNA
BE TH' GREATEST
PLAYER TH' GAME
HAS EVER HAD!

JUGGY, THROW
HIM A FEW
BALLS—LET'S
SEE HIM
BAT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
GREAT BALL PLAYER?
HE DOESN'T EVEN
KNOW ENOUGH TO
DUCK A WILD
PITCH!

MAYBE NOT--
--BUT YOU SEE
WHERE TH' BALL
WENT--OVER TH'
CENTER FIELD
BLEACHERS FOR
A HOME
RUN !!



MR. HODGERS, THIS IS
UNCANNY—SPARKY HAS
HIT FIFTEEN BALLS-- AND
THEY NOT ONLY WENT
OUT OF TH² PARK-- BUT
OUT OF SIGHT!



HEY, SPARKY, WHEN
YOU HIT THIS NEXT
ONE LET'S SEE YOU
RUN AROUND
TH' BASES!

BIG SHOT COMICS



MORE NEXT ISSUE

MIKE the mascot



The FACE



by
MICHAEL
BLAKE

A GRIM AND ELUSIVE FIGURE, THE FACE HAS BROUGHT JUSTICE TO THOSE TOO WEAK TO GET IT FOR THEMSELVES AGAINST MEN SO CLEVER THE POLICE CANNOT TOUCH THEM! HIS HORRIBLE MASK, WEIRD AS A TORTURED NIGHTMARE, IS HIS SYMBOL FOR GOOD!



YOU KNOW THE FACE, MR. TONY TRENT. I-I WAS HOPING YOU COULD INTEREST HIM IN MY FATHER'S DEATH! I THINK THERE IS A SPY RING BEHIND IT, TRYING TO GET SOME OF THE UNITED STATES' MILITARY SECRETS!

TELL ME ABOUT IT!

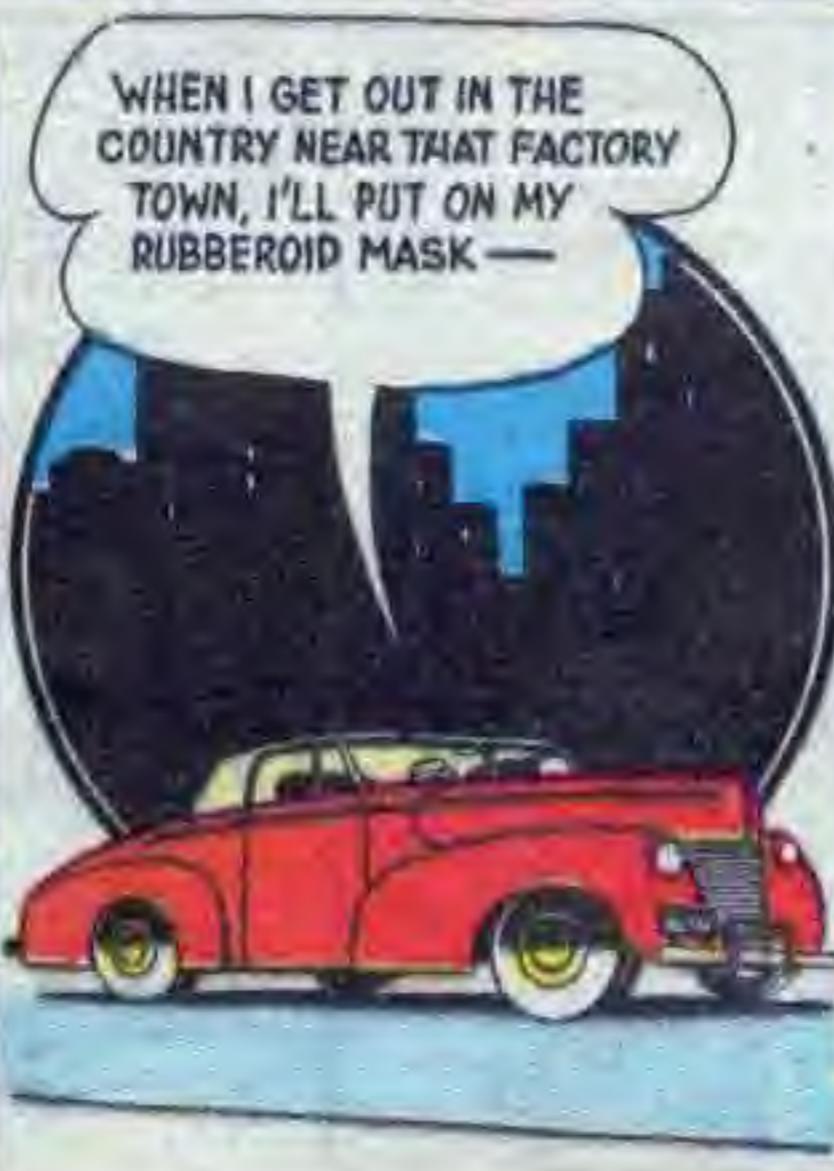
MY FATHER WAS FOUND YESTERDAY MORNING, SHOT DEAD ON THE ROAD HOME. HE HAD BEEN GETTING A LOT OF THREATS LATELY...

GO ON...

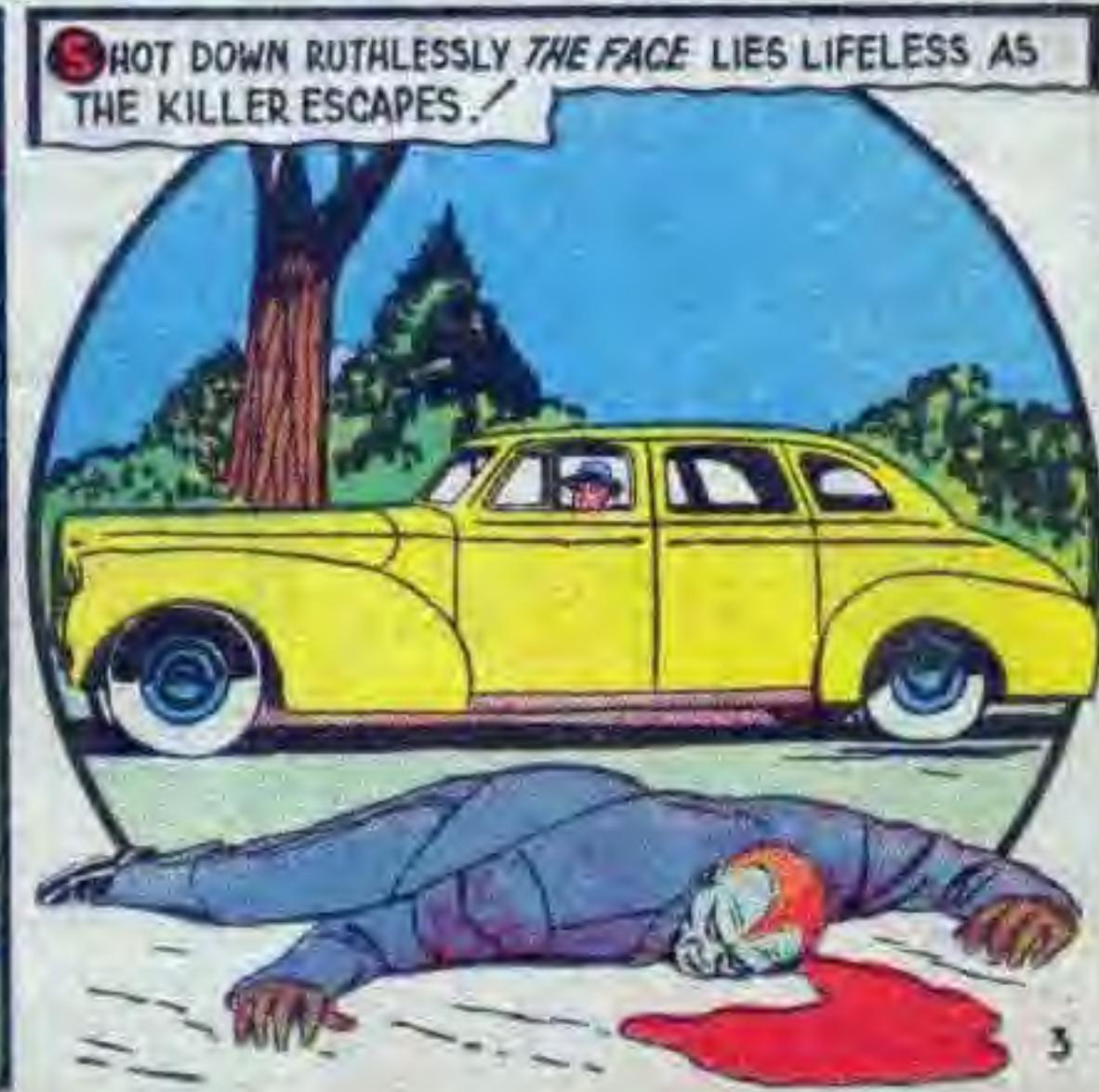
MISS YATES TELLS HER STORY: "DAD WAS A WORKER IN THE BETHLITE STEEL MILLS..."



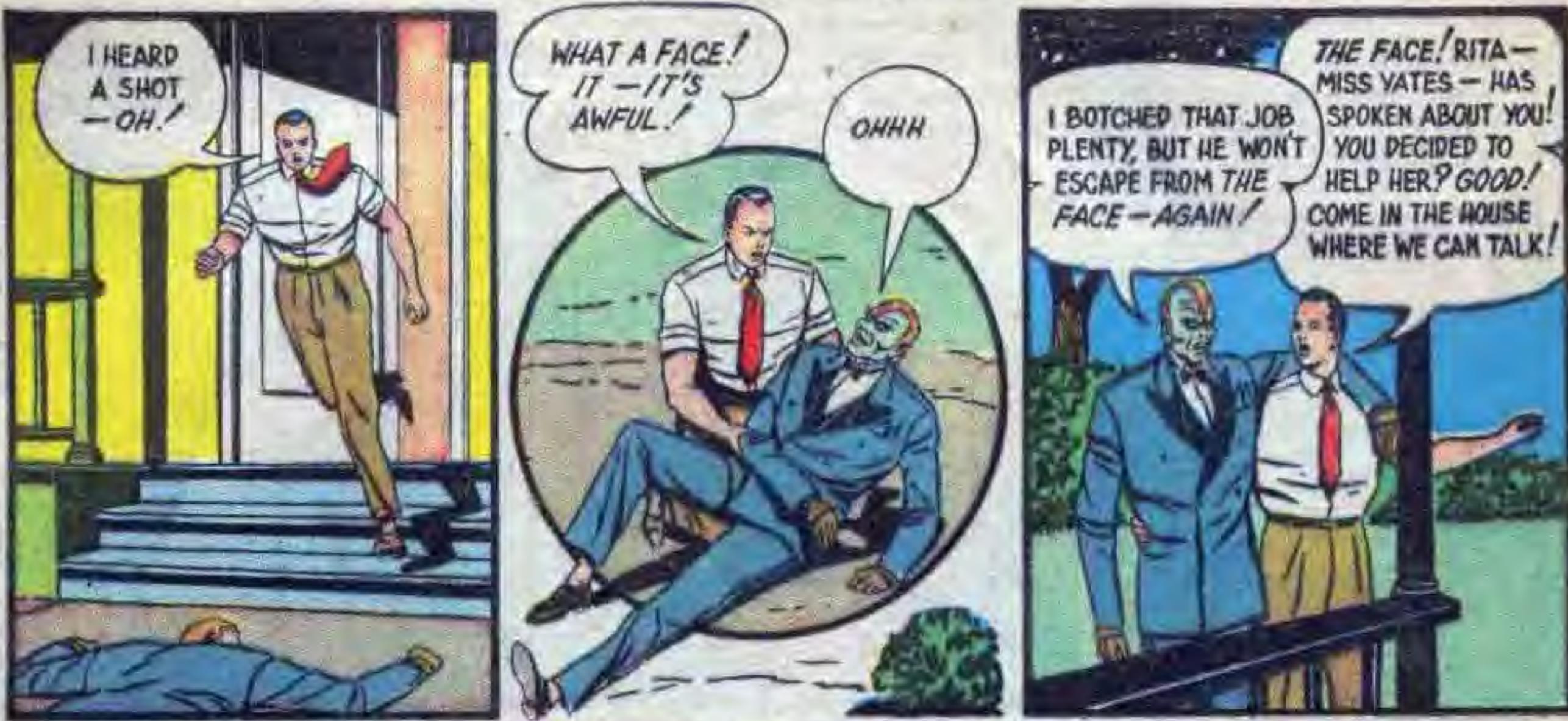
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

OUTSIDE THE FACTORY, THE SPY RING OF WHICH THE KILLER IS A MEMBER, DRAWS TO THE DOOR . . .

IF ROLF GETS THAT JOB DONE WE CAN LEAVE THE COUNTRY TO-NIGHT —

BUT WHAT'S DELAYING HIM? SURELY HE OUGHT TO HAVE THOSE PLANS BY NOW . . .

PETE! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S ROLF?

SOME GUY WITH AN AWFUL FACE SLUGGED HIM — AND US! HE'S INSIDE WITH ROLF NOW!

WE'LL GET HIM!

IF HE'S HURT ROLF, WE'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!



A COUPLE MORE MEN — WITH GUNS! — ARE COMING IN HERE!

YOU GET OUT THE BACK WAY! I'LL FOLLOW YOU.

THEY HAVE GUNS AND I HAVEN'T, SO I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!



REMEMBER THE OLD FOOTBALL ADAGE — THE BEST DEFENCE IS A GOOD OFFENCE!

SWINGING DOWNWARD WITH HURTLING SPEED, THE FACE TERRIFIES THE SPIES FOR JUST A MOMENT —

WHAT MOMENT IS LONG ENOUGH TO LET HIM CRASH INTO THEM?



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT GAME PAGE



CAN YOU SPELL THE NAMES OF AT LEAST TEN FRESH OR SALT WATER FISH BY STARTING FROM CERTAIN LETTERS AND MOVING TO THE NEXT ADJOINING LETTER IN ANY DIRECTION? THE ARROWS SHOW HOW TO SPELL "ROACH" FOR EXAMPLE. TRY TO SPELL NINE OTHER FISH



TWO OR MORE PERSONS MAY PLAY THIS GAME. LAY THE PAPER ON A FLAT SURFACE. TAKE TURNS DROPPING A SMALL COIN ON THE RABBITS FROM ABOUT A FOOT ABOVE THEM.

ADD THE NUMBER OF LBS. ON EACH RABBIT THE COIN TOUCHES.



THE PLAYER WHO CATCHES 50 LBS. FIRST, WINS. IF YOU START BY LOSING YOU MUST REGAIN THAT MANY LBS. BEFORE YOU ARE EVEN.

Be a RADIO Technician

Many make **\$30 \$40 \$50** a week

I Train *Beginners* at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 25 years
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular job and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.



Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Loudspeaker System building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field for N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.

I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 1729 Penn St., Denver, Colorado.



Makes \$50 a Week

"I am making around \$50 a week after all expenses are paid, and I am getting all the Radio work I can take care of, thanks to N. R. I." H. W. SPANGLER, 126½ S. Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.



Operates Public Address System

"I have a position with the Los Angeles Civil Service operating the Public Address System in the City Hall Council. My salary is \$170 a month." R. H. ROOD, R. 136 City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.

Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, plus the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio operators. Many make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. On top of a large demand for Radio sets and equipment for civilian use, the Radio industry is getting millions and millions of dollars in defense orders. Clip the coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you for these opportunities.

Jobs Like These Go to Men Who Know Radio

The 882 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ thousands of Radio Technicians with average pay among the country's best paid industries. Repairing, setting, servicing, installing home and auto Radio receivers (there are more than 60,000,000 in use) gives good jobs to thousands. Many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time service or retail Radio businesses. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N. R. I. gives you the required knowledge of Radio for those jobs. N. R. I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. Yes, N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are **THOROUGHLY TRAINED**. Many N. R. I. trained men hold their regular jobs and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

I Train Men to be Radio Operators Too

Yes, N. R. I. trained men pass Government Radio telegraph license examinations. We teach not only all required knowledge of Radio principles, but also have a modern Code Course. Can supply all instruments and code practice exercises for gaining commercial sending and receiving speeds. Read about our Special Code Course in "Rich Rewards in Radio." Government Departments, Commercial Aviation and shipping companies employ a large number of Radio Operators and the number of jobs is increasing.

Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

Radio is already one of the country's largest industries even though it is still young and growing. The arrival of Television, the use of Radio principles in industry, Frequency Modulation are but a few of many recent Radio developments. More than 28,000,000 homes have one or more Radios. There are more Radios than telephones. Every year millions of Radios go out of date and are replaced. Millions more need new tubes, repairs, etc. Over 5,000,000 auto Radios are in use and thousands more are being sold every day. In every branch, Radio is offering opportunities for which I give you the required knowledge of Radio at home in your spare time. Yes, the few hundred \$30, \$40, \$50 a week jobs of 20 years ago have grown to thousands.

Beginners Quickly Learn to Earn \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start cashing in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment for conducting experiments which give you valuable practical experience.

You Also Get This Professional Servicing Instrument



This instrument makes practically any test you will be called upon to make in Radio service work on both spare time and full time jobs. It can be used on the test bench, or carried along when out on calls. It measures A.C. and D.C. voltages and currents; tests resistances; has a built-in oscillator for checking set, old or new. You a instrument to keep up to date.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, too

Every man likely to go into military service, every soldier, sailor, marine should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra pay, more interesting duty at pay up to 4 times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after the service ends. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!

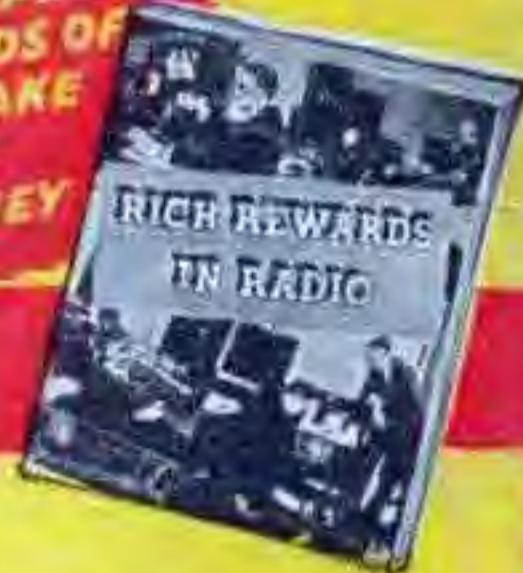
Find Out How N. R. I. Teaches Radio and Television

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